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A PICTURE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Here where the green hills rise
In verdant slopes, the pines
Stretch up and far away,
Like serried battle lines.

Down yonder in the glen,
Where sleeps the quiet pool,
Strange shadows softly play,
And fragrant winds are cool.

A solitude divinely sweet,
Rests on the silver stream,
Where in the now dead June,
Love had its perfect dream.

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

LORD SEAMOUNT stared. "The noble coster taking an interest in a blind fiddle boy!" he murmured sweetly. "Well, I'm —"

"J[illegible]ot Fayne, coolly. [illegible]" He flung nto a pencil. "Seventy-nine Gay street."

But the hand of my lord Seamount—fourth Baron Seamount, Viscount Cleavly of Ireland—was too shaky for penmanship, and Heriot Fayne gripped his arm and wrote the address on his cuff. "There you are; and mind, the boy plays well—well; do you understand? And he'll come for five guineas. Have more of this stuff?"

"Not if I know it," replied the lad, promptly.

"Very well, then; clear out, and get home; and—and—and, if you do happen to remember what I've said, try and act up to it. You're in time to pull up. As for me, it's too late!"

"Heriot," said the boy as he went unsteadily down the stairs, "don't think I ever saw you so drunk before!"

Heriot Fayne sat for some time, staring at the candles which he had used as a test of Lord Seamount's sobriety, then slowly undressed and went to bed.

It was past noon when his man woke him.

"Beg pardon, my lord, but there's a gentleman here. I told him you weren't up, but he said he'd wait."

Heriot turned over and looked at the card the man held out to him.

"Mr. Stannard Marshbank, Queen Elizabeth Mansions," he read.

"All right," he said. "Tell Mr. Marshbank I shall be awake in half an hour."

The man, with an unmoved countenance—nothing, absolutely nothing his master could do would surprise him—left the room, and Heriot Fayne composed himself to slumber again. In a little over half hour he woke, and called out, "Stubbles," and his man entered.

"Show Mr. Marshbank in here, and bring me a soda and whisky sharp."

Stubbles ushered Stannard Marshbank into the bedroom, and Heriot Fayne, leaning on his elbow, gave him a nod.

"Excuse ceremony, Stannard," he said. "Thought you'd rather come in here than wait."

Stannard Marshbank, beautifully dressed, with a flower in his buttonhole, clean shaven, alert, keen eyed, smiled blandly at his cousin.

"Quite so," he said. "Time is valuable to me, Heriot——"

"Then why the deuce do you waste it by coming here?" was the prompt but quite calm retort.

Stannard Marshbank, with the smile still on his face, seated himself in a chair besides the bed.

"A very natural question, my dear Heriot," he said. "I should like to answer that I have come to do you a service—for your good, in fact—but I fear you wouldn't believe me."

"You are right, I shouldn't," was the frank and candid assent.

"And yet it is true," continued the other, still in the bland condescending tones which filled Heriot Fayne with a almost irresistible desire to fling him out of the window. "You and I, my dear Heriot"—"My dear Heriot" stirred uneasily under the bedclothes, and the desire become still less resistible—"have not seen very much of each other; our paths in life lie far asunder——"

"Yes," said Heriot Fayne. "You are a Member of Parliament and all that kind of thing, a credit to your age, and a bright and shining light, while I—— Yes; it's not likely that we should meet often. What the deuce have you come for now?"

"I am desirous of telling you, if you will give me an opportunity," said Stannard Marshbank, still with the irritating blandness.

"Then tell it," said [illegible]mly, "and don't talk thro[illegible]

[illegible]ents to be bamboozled and hoodwinked Out with it! I want to get up."

"And I have a Parliamentary committee at half-past one," said Stannard Marshbank.

"And I have to act as referee at a prize fight at a quarter past two," said Heriot. "Out with it! Do you want to borrow money? Because, if so, you've come to the wrong man. But not you! Your sort, Stannard, have always money to lend. It pays better, doesn't it? Well, lend me a couple of hundred——"

"My dear Heriot," broke in the softly bland voice, which irritated the other almost to madness. "I have not come to borrow or lend money, and yet it is about money that my mission——"

Heriot sat upright, and punched the pillows into convenient shape viciously.

"You talk like a parson," he said. "What is it, in the devil's name?"

"Ah, my dear Heriot, if you would but have patience! Believe me, I am here for your good." Heriot smiled, a grimly incredulous smile. "I am here bearing, so to speak, the olive branch of reconciliation and peace——"

Heriot Fayne flung back the clothes. "If you can't come to the point I'm going to get up," he said. "Just call my man as you go out, will you?"

"One moment," said Stannard Marshbank. "My dear Heriot, I have been down to Averleigh."

Heriot Fayne drew the clothes about him again, and leant on his elbow.

"Oh! you have been down to Averleigh?"

"Yes; the earl, your father, wanted to see me, and sent for me."

"Well?" came the grim inquiry.

"He astounded me, yes, astounded me, by making a proposition that I should consider myself his heir——"

He paused a moment, but Heriot Fayne did not move or utter a word; he was motionless and silent, his dark eyes fixed on the suave, bland face.

"The heir to the money which he is free to leave to whomsoever he will. He made it plain also that—ahem—he desires to recognise me as heir presumptive to—er—the estates and—er—title. You will agree with me, Heriot, that his offer was extremely—shall I say, flattering?"

"I do. It is the first time I have ever heard my father was guilty of flattery; he must be in his dotage."

Stannard Marshbank smiled, but the smile was a little less suave and rather ugly. But he had come to goad his man into rebellion and defiance, and he smoothed the smile into shape.

"On the contrary, the earl is in possession of all his faculties and in the best of health. Now, my dear Heriot, you will, I fear, suspect that I—to put it vulgarly—jumped at his offer."

"'Jump' is the word," said Heriot, curtly.

"Ah, you wrong me, indeed you do!" said the suave voice, with a touch of unselfish pathos in it.

"Oh, do I?"

"Yes. Heriot, we have never been great friends——"

"Never since I thrashed you, when we were boys, for beating a lame dog," put in Heriot.

"But," continued Stannard Marshbank, ignoring the reference, "I think you might do me common justice——"

"If I did, I should condemn you to be hanged," Heriot muttered.

"I will not deny that the offer was a tempting one. I am an ambitious man——"

"Cut all that," broke in Heriot. "[illegible]

[illegible]owledge [illegible] [illegible]ns be'

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] W[illegible] the deuce have you [illegible]!"

"No," said Stannard Marshbank. "I have declined. That is, I have declined until I had seen you and made one effort—it may be the last effort—to reclaim you, Heriot."

Heriot sat up and regarded him with a grim countenance.

"To—'reclaim' me I think you said? Go on!"

Stannard Marshbank sighed.

"My dear Heriot, I know the thoughts that are passing through your mind."

"Do you?"

"I know that you have always misjudged me——"

"Have I?"

"And that you think me capable of——"

"—Any meanness under the sun. I do. Go on!"

"But you wrong me. I have come this morning—at some inconvenience—to implore you to—to consent to your father's conditions. To leave this life of dissipation and return to Averleigh. You cannot but understand how keen a stain and disgrace your conduct has cast upon the old name that has always been held by honorable men——"

Heriot Fayne's face hardened. "Reach me that cigar case, will you?" he said.

Stannard Marshbank handed it to him.

"And the matches; thanks. Go on! You were saying that I am a disgrace and shame."

"Yes, my dear Heriot. I have determined to speak plainly, for your own good. Mark that—for your own good! Most men would have accepted your father's offer and taken the position which it included. But, my dear Heriot, I have a conscience——"

"Oh, you have, have you?"

"And I cannot avail myself of this proposition until I have made an effort to reclaim the prodigal into whose place I am invited to step. I beg you not to think of me——"

"I have not thought of you since I last saw you; make your mind easy."

"I have my place in the world. I am—er—happy and contented in my work. I will yield all the temporal advantages which this offer contains, and be amply rewarded if you will but cast off this dreadful life, if you will turn your back upon the career upon which you have embarked. Let me be empowered, my dear Heriot, to go to your father and tell him that you will leave London and your vicious companions and settle down to the quiet and virtuous life of an English gentleman; in short, let me but announce the return of the prodigal son, repentant and ashamed——"

"What will you have to drink?" interposed Heriot, coolly enough, though there was an ominous glitter in the dark eyes. "You talk well; no wonder that you shine in the House. What is it to be—whisky and soda, sherry, champagne——"

"I never drink excepting at meal times," said Stannard Marshbank, with sad gravity. "You will, I am sure, my dear Heriot, appreciate the difficulty, the delicacy of the situation. Here am I, the next in succession—unless you marry—and here are you——"

"Sick of your cant!" broke in the sternly contemptuous voice. "Go back to my father, who sent you, and tell him that he may make any hypocrite he likes the heir to his money; that the same hypocrite—if he be you—can regard himself as heir to the title and estates. I shall never marry. Go back and—and tell him that, and tell h[illegible] that I would rather be the man I am, [illegible] am—a disgrace and a shame, the [illegible] the family—than such a—such a [illegible] as the man he has chosen."

He [illegible]ched for the bell as he finished, and rang it furiously, and the discreet Stubbles appeared.

"Show this gentleman out," said Heriot Fayne.

"My dear Heriot," murmured Stannard Marshbank, more in sorrow than in anger, "consider! I come with the olive branch——"

Heriot Fayne sat up and yawned.

"Is my bath ready?" he asked of Stubbles, as if no third person were present. "Right, then I'll get up!"

With a sigh and a shake of the head, but a gleam of satisfaction, Stannard Marshbank moved to the door.

"You make me very sad, Heriot!" he said, "very sad. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER XI.

STANNARD MARSHBANK left his cousin, the outcast, with a smile of malignant satisfaction and a heart of hate. Heriot Fayne's insolence of manner and speech, his open contempt and scorn, cut Mr. Marshbank like so many lashes of a whip, a knout.

His back was blushing, so to speak, but he still smiled, for he had effected his purpose; he had goaded the heir into rebellion and defiance, and now he, Stannard, could go down to Averleigh, and play his part with a free hand, and pose as the noble, unselfish gentlemen, as a contrast to the low-minded prodigate into whose place he was going to step.

He went and sat on his committee, and, while Heriot was acting as referee at a boxing match, listened to the witness and counsel, and asked questions. He spoke in the House that night—spoke better than he had ever done before—and the next day started for Averleigh.

As the train approached the rich lands belonging to the estate, he looked out with a gleam in his light eyes—a gleam of cupidity. It would all be his some day, if—if Heriot Fayne did not marry and beget a son—all his! But there was something more he wanted, and he leant back and closed his eyes, and thought of Eva Winsdale.

She was to be his wife. He had resolved that it should be so the first night he had seen her. But how was he to obtain her? Most men would have seen only one way, that of winning her heart; but this was

not Stannard Marshbank's way. That was leaving too much to chance. When he wanted a thing he was not ashamed to set a snare for it, to trap it, to weave a net round it. What snare could he set for this beautiful, sweet, English girl, whose pure mind looked out at him through the clear windows of her innocent eyes?

It is said that the Devil is always ready to befriend his slaves, that he is a good master—for a time—and renders service for service, and, though he did not guess it, the snare was ready to Stannard Marshbank's hand.

The Averleigh carriage was waiting for him, and a couple of footmen stood on the platform to receive him and take charge of his luggage. Servants are quick at discovering the way the wind is blowing, and, somehow or other, they had discovered that Mr. Marshbank was someone of importance at Averleigh.

So they touched their hats with a marked respect, and ushered him to the carriage as if he were almost of as much consequence as their master, the old lord, himself.

Stannard lingered a moment to tip the guard and the porter, and say an affable word respecting the weather to the obsequious station-master, who could scarcely keep his hat on his head, and then was driven to the Court.

The Earl and Lady Janet awaited him in the library, and he entered with an air of sad gravity, which told his story without words. The earl shut his lips tightly, Lady Janet sighed, and hung her head. She had hoped against hope; had even thought that this exemplary young man might have succeeded so well in his unselfish mission as to bring Heriot down with him. The tears gathered in her eyes.

"You have had a pleasant journey, I trust?" said the earl, with the courtesy which did not fail him at such a moment as this. "It is very good of you to come. You have seen—my son?"

Stannard Marshbank inclined his head solemnly, regretfully.

"Yes, sir, I have seen Heriot," he replied; "and—and I am sorry to say that I have no good news."

The earl's lips grew tighter, thinner, and he waved his white hand as a for Stannard to continue.

"I saw Heriot, and—and did my place the matter before him. spoke plainly—perhaps, too plainly. I fear I gave him offence. But one must do one's duty, sir, and I felt it my duty to make an effort to restore him to the—the place which you have offered me. I could not have accepted without doing so."

The earl inclined his head.

"And—and he——?" he said, but his voice died away.

Stannard Marshbank shook his head.

"Almost refused to listen to me," he said, in a low voice. "I found him in bed; it was in the afternoon——"

Lady Janet sighed and her hands clasped each other.

"I fear he was not in the best mood to receive my visit, and it was with great impatience that he brought himself to listen to me even for the few minutes which I spent with him. He—it pains me, sir, to have to tell the result of my mission. I will not repeat his words; they would grieve and anger you. In effect, he declines to leave London, and the life he is leading, and is deaf to all remonstrances and exhortations, though, Heaven knows, I spared neither, and tried my best to prove to him that forgiveness and a loving welcome awaited him at your and Lady Janet's hands."

The earl raised his white head.

"Thank you," he said, in a low voice. "That is sufficient. The mission was one of your own seeking. I had no faith in it. He refuses to—to return and lead the clean and virtuous life of an English gentleman. Good! May I ask if the scruples which stood in the way of your acceptation of the proposal I made you are now removed?"

Stannard Marshbank looked straight before him, with well simulated reluctance and hesitation on his face.

"I have followed the dictates of my conscience, sir," he said. "I still wish that Heriot had listened to reason, and suffered me to restore him to his proper place; but—I am in your hands, sir."

"Good," said the earl. He rang a small bell on the table, and a footman entered.

"Send a groom to Mr. Eastlake"—he was the lawyer in the neighboring town—"and ask him if he will be good enough to come here to-morrow. He may choose his own hour; I shall be at home."

Lady Janet rose and left the room, with the tears running down her face, and Stannard Marshbank, as he opened the door for her, murmured sadly, "I am so sorry—so sorry. But what can I do?"

Mr. Eastlake came the next morning, and the earl made his will. Everything he could leave was left to Stannard Marshbank, who stood by the carved mantelshelf with a grave and almost reproachful countenance, while he wondered how long it would be before the white-headed old man, who sat in his chair with bent head, should die and leave him, Stannard, in possession of all this wealth; for the earl had lived quietly for some years, and the sum of his savings was very large.

Mr. Eastlake stayed to lunch, at which Lady Janet, with the signs of a weeping night in her pale, sweet face, presided in silence, and the three gentlemen talked "estate."

The earl consulted Stannard Marshbank on every question; whether this or that lease should be renewed; whether it would be well to give farmer Styles the new granaries he wanted; what percentage of the rents should be forgiven this coming quarter, and so on, and Stannard Marshbank, when appealed to, behaved so modestly, with such infinite respect for the earl's wishes, that even the keen old lawyer—who had almost taken a dislike to him when he entered the library before lunch—was constrained to admit to himself that the "young man" was behaving remarkably well.

But, after lunch, when Stannard went out for a walk by himself, he allowed the mask to drop for a while, and Mr. Eastlake would speedily have changed his opinion if he could have seen his face, the hectic flush on the high cheek-bones, the glitter in the pale eyes.

"Only two—the old man and that dissipated hound between me—and this!" he kept murmuring to himself, as he walked through the woods, between the trees of which he could catch glimpses of the park, the fields, the prosperous farms.

He was going towards White Cot, and the thought of Eva Winsdale mingled with his dreams of future greatness; of the time when he should be the Earl of Averleigh, the owner of Averleigh Court, and all pertaining to it; and was so enwrapt, so absorbed, that, when a man stepped from amongst the trees and into road immediately in front of him he

The man and, after a touched his hat, and was moving on, when Stannard stopped him with a gesture.

"You are one of the keepers, I suppose, my man?" he said, in his soft, suave voice.

The man pulled up, his strong muscular figure erect, waiting, respectfully. Stannard Marshbank looked at him attentively, as he did at all persons in first meeting them. He never forget a face after once seeing it. This one, though not handsome, was striking, by reason of the deep gloom, almost amounting to moroseness, which marked every feature of it.

"Yes, sir," he said in a low voice of a man who is chary of speech.

"I thought so; what is your name?"

"Ralph Forster," was the reply.

A peculiar expression flitted for a moment over Stannard Marshbank's face. It came and went so rapidly that no man could have described or analyzed it.

"Ah, yes," he said. "How are the birds looking?"

"Fairly well, sir," said Forster, looking, not at his interrogator, but at the stock of his gun.

"And the poaching; is there much of it?" asked Stannard, in the affable, condescending way which men of his class adopt when they are speaking to an inferior.

"Not much—now," said Forster, grimly.

Stannard smiled approvingly.

"I am glad to hear it." He paused as he put his thin fingers into his waistcoat pocket. "I am Mr. Marshbank. Here is something for a glass of ale, Forster. I am sure you will do your best to keep the game up; good afternoon."

The "something" was a sovereign. Forster looked up with a kind of surprise; then, with a morose "Thank you," he put the coin in his pocket, and went off amongst the trees.

"Yes, keep up the game, my friend," Stannard murmured. "For who knows how soon it may be mine—mine!"

The thought sent a warm glow all over him. He walked on to White Cot, and found Mr. Winsdale lying in a hammock, under the shade of an ash tree, in the pretty garden at the back of the house. A cigarette was between his lips, and a book, face downwards, lying beside him.

"Pray don't get up!" said Stannard Marshbank, quickening his steps. "I know how difficult it is to get settled in a hammock. Please don't rise. I can find a chair——"

Francis Winsdale sank back.

"Not that; the other one with a sloping back," he said. "You will find that it just fills in the hollow places. Lovely day. So you are down again—and for good?" He asked the question with a faintly cynical smile, and Stannard answered him gravely. He was far too wise to play the hypocrite before Francis Winsdale.

"Yes, in a sense," he said. "I have seen Heriot, and——"

Mr. Winsdale smiled with half-closed eyes.

"He refuses to play the last act of the 'Prodigal Son;' perhaps he doesn't care for roast veal? Ah, well, it's an ill wind that blows no one any good. And so I may congratulate you as the earl's heir, and—probable successor, Marshbank?"

Stannard inclined his head gravely.

"The earl made a will in my favor this morning," he said. He paused a moment. "We are both men of the world, Mr. Winsdale, but I should like to think that you give me credit for doing my duty. I really did my best with Heriot; and, well, I should not have repined if I had succeeded in restoring him to his proper place."

"Of course, of course," said Francis Winsdale. "I quite understand that you have behaved very well. Frankly, I think that you will make a better heir and master of Averleigh than Heriot Fayne would have done."

"He may be that yet," said Stannard, quietly. "He may marry——"

"He may; but it's not likely. If he should, and there should be an heir, you will still be a rich man, with the earl's money. Well, I congratulate you. Ambitious men only want money to reach their aim and end. It never brings them any happiness—but that's another story, isn't it? Will you have something to drink—claret cup, chamberlin; or, will you wait for tea? Eva will be back presently; she has gone for a stroll across the moor—'the estate,'" and he laughed cynically. "Not much of an estate," he added. "If it were n't have remained."

d. "Perhaps I

Francis Winsdale nodded.

"By all means," he said. "Shall I get up and go with you to the gate in proper form? No! Very well. You'll find me here when you come back. Au revoir," and he nodded, with half-closed eyes.

Stannard went on to the moor. Which way had Eva taken? He turned to the right, with watchful eye to every side, and presently he caught sight of a white dress, which he felt, rather than knew, was Eva's.

She was walking quickly, with a light, graceful step, and was made aware of his proximity by Taggs, who stopped and yelped at him.

She greeted him with a smile—just a pleasant smile of surprise—little guessing that the sight of her was making his heart throb painfully.

"I have just been to White Cot," he explained. "Mr. Winsdale said that you had gone across the moor, and——"

"Does he want me?" asked Eva quickly, and stopping short, as if prepared to return at once.

"No, no!" he said. "He does not expect you until tea-time."

"Then I will go a little farther," she said. "It is such a beautiful afternoon, is it not? Have you come down for a long stay?"

"Not for long," he said. "I must be back in town in a day or two; I may be sent for at any moment. But I shall be backwards and forwards pretty frequently."

"Then—then——?" she said in a lower voice.

"Yes; Heriot Fayne declines to return," he said gravely. "And I am the earl's heir. My mission has failed; it is not my fault that, unlike most ambassadors, I gain by failure."

"Oh, no, no You have acted very, very generously!"

"Thank you," he said, in a still lower voice. "Your approbation is very sweet to me, Miss Winsdale, I cannot tell you how sweet. And now we will say no more about it. How wild this scene is! It is like a bit of Scotland."

"Is it not?" she said. "I am so fond of it. Perhaps it is because it is our own," she added. "We are on my father's land."

"Yes?" he said.

"At one time it extended to that line o

beeches; but—but it has all gone, excepting this moor, and that other small one in the hollow there, beyond the road. It is not worth much, father says; but I am glad that the other part—the fields—went instead of this. The 'Little Moor,' as we call it, is prettier than this."

"Is there time to go and see it?" he asked.

Eva glanced at her watch—said "Yes;" and they crossed the road, and gained the smaller stretch of waste. It ran down the side of the hill, and dipped into a valley, in the centre of which ran a brawling little trout stream. It might have been a dell in Scotland, so wild and remote was it. Stannard stood half-way down the hill, and looked round him.

"What is that?" he asked, nodding to a rough excavation, like a scar on the heathery hill-side.

"A disused quarry," said Eva. "They used to get stones for the roads from it, but they have deserted it. Better stone can be got from the Averleigh estate. That tumble-down wooden place is the hut in which the men used to eat their dinner, and take refuge in bad weather. It is picturesque, isn't it?"

"Very," he said. "It looks as if it were quite out of the world."

"Shall we go down and see the hut?" Eva suggested, and they descended the steep path by the edge of the quarry. It was so steep that every now and then Stannard offered her his hand, but Eva declined it with a smile.

"I have climbed it so often," she said. "My father says that I am like a goat."

They reached the hut, and Stannard looked in. It was in better preservation than it appeared to be from a distance. Inside there was a rough table, a dilapidated barrow, and a broken pick. A rabbit ran out, and darted like a flash up the hill, and Eva, laughing, shaded her eyes to look after it. Stannard looked at her, and not at the rabbit.

He had never seen any girl so graceful, so lovely. The thought that some other man might win her shot through him like a pang of physical pain. Under the stress of his emotion his face went pale, and he sank on to a boulder of stone, and went through the pretence of tying his shoelace.

Eva stooped

a mass of gorse bushes.

"Sometimes it drives them out," she said. "The place is full of rabbits. Look, look!" and she laughed as the bunnies dashed out and tore up the hill-side to their holes. "I am glad that they do not quarry here any longer," she said. "It would spoil the place to have a lot of men blasting and picking at the stone; and how frightened the rabbits would be!" She had seated herself on a boulder near his, and spoke dreamily, absently. It was as if she had forgotten his presence, and another pang shot through him as he recognized her mood. He felt as if he could not speak—he who was usually so ready and fluent.

"But there is the money," he said at last.

Eva looked at him with a little surprise.

"Ah, yes; the money," she said; "and I suppose that is all important. Poor father! Yes, I suppose the money would be welcome."

"You speak as if you did not think it of much importance, Miss Winsdale," he said.

She smiled.

"I don't. Why should we want more than we have now? I am quite happy. But there is my father. Perhaps it is different with him. It must be, of course. Yes, he could do so much with money. He is so—so clever; so much better fitted to society and the great world beyond this. Sometimes I fancy—I think—that he is regretting all that he has lost; that he is dull, and longing for London and his old friends."

"It is not unlikely," he said, thoughtfully. "Your father occupied a very prominent position in the world of fashion and politics."

"And, of course, he must feel his loss," she said, with a sigh. "Poor father!"

"Perhaps—who knows?—he may go back to his proper place, some day," he said, at random.

Eva shook her head.

"Oh, no," she said. "How could he? We shall never be better off than we are now. We have no rich relations to leave us their money, and—I am afraid we must be content, Mr. Marshbank."

"As I should be, if I were in his place," he said, softly.

As he spoke, he picked up a stone to throw into the gorse bushes, and raised

his hand to do so, then suddenly paused, lowered his hand, and looked hard at the missile which lay in his palm.

It was a rough and jagged piece of stone, with some zigzag streaks running through it. Altogether, in form and color, a singular-looking stone.

He turned it over and over, and, in his absorbed contemplation of it, seemed to forget even the presence of the beautiful girl beside him.

He looked from the stone to the side of the quarry, and all along the hill. Then he slipped the stone in his pocket, and, rising, sauntered to the level bottom of the quarry, and picked up two or three similar ones, slipped them also into his pocket, and, throwing some ordinary flint at the bushes, came back to her.

She was looking at the watch on her bracelet.

"It is time we were going," she said, and she started to climb the steep path.

Stannard stopped a moment or two to look round him, then followed her.

CHAPTER XII.

HE was very silent for a long time, his eyes downcast, and hidden by their lashes; his face thoughtful, and his whole air one of preoccupation, but as they neared the house, he roused himself, and talked to her.

There were few better talkers than Stannard Marshbank, and Eve was soon interested and amused. He told her of his life in London, his parliamentary experience, discoursed with her the many social questions of which everyone is now so fond, and, all through, spoke to her not as if she were a young girl, ignorant of the world, but his equal in knowledge and experience.

His manner, too, was perfect; a nice combination of friendliness and reverence, just the manner to impress an innocent, impressionable girl.

They were laughing and talking, like old friends, when they entered the garden, and found the tea things already arranged on a rustic table beside the hammock in which Francis Winsdale still reclined.

"So you have got back," he said, eyeing the lovely face, with its bright eyes and flush of health, with paternal satisfaction. "I want your tea as badly as I do."

"You shall have it at once, you most patient of fathers!" said Eva, and she slipped off her gloves and seized the teapot. "Mr. Marshbank and I have been down to the old quarry. I wish you had been with us. It looked beautiful this afternoon; so quiet, and out-of-the-worldish."

"Too quiet," said Francis Winsdale, with his cynical shadow of a smile. "I should prefer it a little noisier, with men and dynamite, which means a royalty. It was the only profitable part of the estate, which is now, in grim earnest, a white elephant."

Stannard Marshbank said nothing, but his hand turned over the stones in his pocket.

"Never mind, father," said Eva. "It is very beautiful at any rate. Will you have some cream in your tea, Mr. Marshbank?"

His eyes followed her every movement. The turn of the wrist, the white, shapely hand, the pose of the beautiful head, fascinated and bewildered him. When she gave him his cup, with the grave, innocent smile on her face, his hand trembled, and his pale eyes fell before her unsuspecting ones.

For the first time in his life Stannard Marshbank was in love. He could have laughed aloud in bitter self-mockery and scorn. But the fact remained, though he laughed never so loudly. He felt that, though he got the old earl's money—aye, even the coveted title and the broad estate of Averleigh—they could bring him no joy unless he obtained also this beautiful, innocent, sweet perfection of womanhood—Eva Winsdale.

"I have been to see the Warners, father," she said, leaning back in her chair with her cup in her hand, her hat tilted forward to screen her eyes from the sunlight that filtered through the leaves of the oak. "Mrs. Warner is better, I think; but she is still weak. I want some of that old port for her that Soames is always worrying us to drink."

"Ask Soames," said Francis Winsdale. "He will think it a dreadful waste. Gilbey's invalid port, at twenty-four shillings the dozen, would serve the same purpose. But take it—if Soames will give it you—by all means; only remember that once it is gone there will be no more."

Eva laughed.

"As if you cared! You never drink it. I will coax old Soames; you will see."

A maid came out of the house to speak to her, and Eva rose and followed her.

"Eva ought to have been the daughter of a wealthy man," said Francis Winsdale, sententiously. "She would have played the part of Lady Bountiful very well."

"You do not care about money—for yourself?" said Stannard Marshbank.

Francis Winsdale smiled.

"No, I have long ago discovered that wealth means work, and I hate work. But——" his face clouded for a moment. "Well, yes, I should like to be a rich man, for—for her sake."

"I am glad to hear that," said Stannard Marshbank, coolly. "Because your wish can be easily gratified."

Francis Winsdale did not jump out of the hammock, or utter an exclamation of amazement or incredulity.

"Oh, indeed!" he said, with his cynical calm. "Have you just heard that I have inherited a fortune?"

"No," said Stannard, as quietly and unemotionally. "But I have discovered the fact that it lies—the fortune—just outside your door."

Francis looked at him over the edge of the tea-cup.

"What the devil do you mean, Marshbank?"

"Only this, that you have a copper mine on that part of your estate which you call the Little Moor," he said, quite quietly.

"A copper mine! Who told you that?"

"No one. I discovered it myself. Do you know anything of geology?"

"Not the least, the very least, in the world," was the prompt reply.

"Well, sir, I do—a little—and this"—he took the stones from his pocket—"is copper ore, or I am very much mistaken." He held out the rough and striated stones on his open palm, and Francis Winsdale stared at them blankly.

"Nonsense!" he said, at last.

"Pardon me, it is not nonsense. It is copper ore. There are the unmistakable signs and evidences." He ran off a number of technical details glibly. "And rich copper ore."

"You mean to say——?" The elder

"That there is copper in large quantities in that old quarry working of yours? Yes, Mr. Winsdale," said Stannard, very quietly.

"I—I can't believe it!"

"I can understand your incredulity; but it is a fact. That is, I think so. The truth can be easily ascertained. I have, as you see, half-a-dozen specimens. I will go to London and get them assayed. If the result should prove that I am right, then—well, Mr. Winsdale, you are rich, if not beyond the dreams of avarice——"

Francis Winsdale sat quite upright in the hammock, with his feet on the ground. A faint flush had come into his face, his usually sleepy, cynical indolence seemed to have vanished.

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed.

Stannard Marshbank watched him closely, though his attention seemed absorbed by the specimens.

"I found them lying loosely in the bottom of the quarry," he said, "which proves that the corner is near the surface, which means that the fortune is close to hand. Very little expense, nearly all profit. If I am right you will be a rich man in the course of a few months—one might say weeks. I will go to London and have this ore tested. But I know, I feel, that I am right."

Francis Winsdale was pale by this time. "This takes me by surprise," he said, as if ashamed of his emotion. It means so much! Not that I care for wealth. I have had my day——"

"No, no," said Stannard.

"Yes; what is there left for me to do, to enjoy? But——"

"But there is your daughter, Miss Eva," murmured Stannard, glancing out of the corner of his eyes at the pale-faced man.

"Yes, Eva," he said, as if communing with himself. "It would make all the difference to her." He turned to Stannard. "You will not say anything to her, please," he said, in a quiet tone of command.

"Certainly not," assented Stannard. "I will not say anything to anyone. I may be wrong. I am not a mineralogist nor an expert. But I will consult one. I will do it at once."

"Thank you, thank you," said Stannard Winsdale, in a low voice. "I am deeply grateful to you. Copper! Rich! You say that you think there is a quantity of it? How do you know—on what do you base your opinion?"

He tried to suppress his eagerness, but failed; it was obvious in his voice, the bright light in his eyes, the faint tremor on his lips. The man was slowly being transformed.

Stannard answered gravely, as becomes a man of the world, a Member of Parliament, a man of business.

"I know something, a little, of geology—mineralogy, rather," he said, "and I noticed that the characteristics of these stones were in others lying round the quarry and in the sides. There are distinct traces of copper. In fact, I think that it is rich in copper. Hush! Miss Winsdale is coming. Do not let us say anything more. I will go to town to-morrow and ascertain the truth."

He took his departure soon after, but during the last few minutes his tone and manner towards Eva were marked by a distinct reverence and desire to please, so that when he had gone through the gate Eva, looking after him, said—

"How pleasant and agreeable Mr. Marshbank is, father."

She said it quite innocently and openly, just as a child might have spoken, with frank, candid eyes and a thoughtful smile.

Her father started and looked at her absently.

"Stannard Marshbank—pleasant—agreeable? Eh? Oh, yes, yes."

She looked at him, a little puzzled by his manner. His usually indolent eyes were sharp and calculating, his usually placid face wore a hectic flush.

"Are you hot, father?" she asked, laying her hand on his.

"Hot? No, no," he said, and a moment or two afterwards he rose and went into the house, and Eva noticed that his gait and manner were alert and quick, instead of slow and languid, as they ordinarily were.

Mr. Stannard Marshbank had a large circle of acquaintances, though he had very few, if any, friends, and amongst the former was the well-known Theodosius Robinson, who knows—or is supposed to know—more about mineralogy than any other man living. If you take a lump of ore, slate, or g[illegible] he will tell you wh[illegible] long it has been there.

The afternoon f[illegible] hat of the discovery at the quarry Stannard Marshbank called upon Theodosius Robinson. The great expert lived in a grimy house in a grimy street off Pentonville, and received the "coming man" with some astonishment but very little warmth.

"Hallo, Marshbank"—they had been at school together—he said, lifting his head from a crucible, the contents of which he had been studying, "how are you? What the deuce—I mean is there anything I can do for you? Sit down. Don't sit on that lump of rock. Chuck it on the floor. Little thought of seeing you. Great man now, aren't you? Seem to have seen your name in the papers now and again," and all the time he was talking he was poking and stirring up the contents of the crucible.

"And I see your name frequently, my dear Robinson," said Stannard Marshbank, with an ingratiating smile.

"Eh? Oh, the Royal Society Reports and that sort of thing. Oh, yes, yes." He stirred the crucible again and looked up. "Anything I can do for you? I suppose you came to see me on business?" He had never cared very much for Stannard as a schoolfellow and—and was very busy and anxious about the evil-smelling compound in the pot.

"Yes," said Stannard. "I want you to look at these and tell me——"

He placed the stones on the littered table, and the mineral expert grabbed at them and peered at them through his glasses.

Stannard waited in breathless suspense.

"Well," at last asked Robinson. "What do you want to know?"

"I want to know if—if they are not copper ore?"

The expert nodded.

"Yes," he said, quietly; with extraordinary indifference as it seemed to Stannard.

"Yes? Then—then the owner of the estate on which they were found is a rich man—for there is plenty of it?" His pale eyes warmed up and a flush colored his cheek.

Robinson looked at him in an absent kind of way.

"Oh no, he isn't," he said. "There's copper here, but not enough. You can find stuff like these in almost any quarry: copper's there, but not in large quantities enough to pay for working and smelting. Understand?"

Stannard nodded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE PURSE.—For several centuries the purse was always worn fastened to the girdle. A cut-purse got its name from the fact that rather than take the time to loose the purse from the belt, where it was secured by buckles, he cut the straps.

ROAD CROSSING.—In most parts of Europe it is considered unlucky for a hare to cross a road in front of a traveler. Among the Romans this omen was so unfortunate that if a man starting upon a journey espied a hare on the road before him he would return and wait until the following day to begin his journey.

SPECTACLES.—Roger Bacon was the first to suggest the use of spectacles. When they came into use in Italy, about the year 1285, on the recommendation of Alessandro di Spina, a monk of Pisa, women were forbidden to wear them, because it was thought such facial ornamentations would make them vain.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.—The phrase "Castles en Espagne," or as some say "castles in the air," dates from the time the Moors were driven out of Spain. The tradition is that when the Moors were driven from their homes, and the country they had helped make so beautiful and famous, they carried with them only the keys of their castles, to which, of course they never could and did return. These keys they would show with great pride, as well they might, and say "These are the keys to our Castles in Spain."

DIVING.—The first really practical diving dress, supplied with a constant stream of fresh air, was introduced in 1829, although experiments are known to have been made for a century previous. The idea now appears to be much older than has been supposed, for in the Royal Library, at Munich, an ancient manuscript has been discovered in which is pictured a fully equipped diver, his dress having glass eye-pieces and an air tube leading above the surface of the water and terminating in two orifices. No description accompanies the figures. The work is assigned to about 1430, and it is believed [illegible] drawings show apparatus sc[illegible] de.

THE 'TRAVELERS' TREE.—Tired and thirsty travelers find a friend in the "travelers' tree," which grows in Madagascar. This wonderful tree is said to have no branches, the leaves growing from the trunk and spreading out like the sections of a fan. These leaves, of which there are generally not more than twenty-four on each tree, are from six feet to eight feet in length and from four to six feet broad. At the base of each leaf is a kind of cup containing about a quart of cool, sweet water. The natives save themselves the trouble of climbing the tree by throwing a spear, which pierces the leaf at the spot where the water is stored; they hold a vessel underneath and the water flows down into it.

SEEING THE FUTURE.—Though written long before the time of Columbus, the great poem of Dante, "The Divine Comedy," expressed or foreshadowed some truly scientific conceptions. These include such truths as the action of the moon as the principal cause of the tides; the level of the surface of the sea; the existence of a centripetal force, as shown by falling bodies; the spherical form of the earth; that the land above the sea is simply a protuberance from the surface of the globe; that the continents are grouped in the northern hemisphere; the existence of universal attraction; that the elasticity of vapors is a motive power; that the continents have been upraised; and the existence of the chemical elements, somewhat as conceived by Lavoisier.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.—The jugglers of Indian are unsurpassed in natural magic. A juggler took an earthenware pot, filled it with earth moistened with a little water, and placed among the earth a mango seed which had been examined beforehand. This done, he threw a sheet over the pot and almost immediately removed it again, when it appeared that the seed had, in the space of say half a minute, become a young mango tree. Again the sheet was thrown over the pot, and, on being a second time removed, the mango tree had doubled in size. The same process was repeated a third time, and now the tree was covered with small, unripe mangoes. This time the juggler plucked the tree up out of the earth, displaying the roots and the remains of the original mango stone from which the tree was supposed to have sprung.

A SIGH.

BY W. W. L.

You stood in the glory of sunset,
Your lovely face in the light;
Your hair was crowned with roses,
Your eyes like stars of night.

Out from the dead year's beauty,
I see you standing there yet;
Careless and happy-hearted,
With nought in your life of regret.

Shadows troop over the fountain,
The land is full of dead leaves;
Love in the darkness is silent,
And sorrow is binding her sheaves.

Oh, love! oh, hope! oh, memory!
Oh, face in the sunset's glow:
I love you, love you, love you,
Sweet woman of long ago.

ALTHEA'S TRIAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CATHERINE MAIDMENT'S BURDEN," "BENEFIT OF CLERGY," "THE VICAR'S AUNT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

ACCORDINGLY the speculation which his appearance originated this morning was not on whether he was or was not coming to church. It dealt with a different matter: whether he was or was not on his way to "Johnson's."

"He's there, I know for certain sure," affirmed Mrs. Green enigmatically, as Dr. Meredith passed her. Dressed in her irreproachable "Sunday's best"—a gown of wiry black stuff and a bordered shawl—she was accompanying and conversing with a few select friends. "The young gentleman he took the rooms—them two front downstair ones—last night. And what more likely now than that he's steppin' up to see him, and how he likes it, for himself?"

This confused assortment of pronouns was accepted with a murmur of comprehending assent. And all the little group concentrated their attention on Dr. Meredith, who had distanced them by some yards now, and was proceeding rapidly along the street in front of their [illegible] their example was faithfully followed on either hand, and as the road rose slightly in the direction of the church, Dr. Meredith was in very literal truth the "cynosure of neighboring eyes" when he stopped, most satisfactorily in view, and knocked sharply and rapidly with his stick on the door of a house about halfway up the rise.

The house was a little low, substantial cottage, with three windows on the ground floor. One of these windows had been enlarged a little, and the fact that it was today veiled by a substantial shutter, proclaimed that its position in this world was that of a shop front.

The other windows were both smothered in stiffly-starched white lace curtains, between which a few leaves of geraniums were visible.

There were two doors, one on each side of the shuttered window. In somewhat weatherworn lettering, on a strip of black board, over that on the left of the window, was this inscription: "P. Johnson, Baker and Cornfactor." It was at the other, the private door of the establishment, that Dr. Meredith had knocked.

For a moment or two his knock was unanswered. He stood tapping one foot on the ground with an impatient movement, while the gratified church-goers came a few slow paces nearer to him. Then his patience seemed to give out, and he knocked again sharply. This time the knock was answered at once.

"Very sorry, sir, I'm sure," said a breathless, good-natured looking woman, "The baby was crying sir, I didn't hear; and Johnson, he always does lie a bit late, Sundays."

"Is——"

Dr. Meredith paused, and a little flush mounted into his face.

"Is—my assistant in?" he said abruptly.

"Yes, sir; I'm wishful to do my best for the gentleman, sir. I hope he'll find himself satisfied, sir."

Without waiting for an answer, Mrs. Johnson then entered upon a hasty and somewhat confused explanation of the reasons why she had not been able to take away "the young gentleman's breakfast things."

The reasons consisted of the claims which the aforesaid baby was still mentioning in loud cries from the back; and with Dr. Meredith's quickly-spoken, "I'm sure it is all right, Mrs. Johnson. This door, I suppose?" she retreated rapidly to still the same.

Dr. Meredith knocked at a door on the right of the stone-flagged passage, and apparently received an answer, for he turned the handle and entered.

"Good morning!" he said shortly, and with the manner of a man who grudges even the civilities which his good breeding demands.

It was a small, square room, producing at first an effect of being furnished wholly with starched curtains and a brilliantly crimson carpet, partly hidden by yellow oil-cloth strips. A horsehair sofa and "suite" of chairs draped in antimacassars asserted their presence later; and then a table with a green cloth, and a breakfast tray across one end, and a very stiff, uncomfortable arm chair by the window, were seen to be the further details the room possessed.

In the very stiff, uncomfortable arm chair was Dr. Meredith's assistant. The gray clad figure was disposed at the most comfortable angle the chair allowed, and its possessor appeared to be absorbed in the enjoyment of a yellow-backed novel.

At the sound of the opening door, Althea Godfrey had looked up; at the sound of Dr. Meredith's "good morning," she had looked back at it and turned over a page; at the sound of his footsteps crossing the room, she laid it down slowly and looked at him.

"Good morning!" she responded; and then she promptly took up the book again.

It is a decidedly discomfiting experience to call upon a person who neither asks you to sit down, or shows any immediate intention of holding any conversation with you.

Dr. Meredith felt his position a little embarassing; the more so, as he could not for the moment make up his mind what to do. He had come to a standstill on one of the yellow oil cloth strips near the window, and there he remained, holding his hat in his hand, and looking uncomfortable and decidedly at a loss.

His assistant turned over another page of the novel with a crackling deliberation. The sun streamed through the starched curtains hotly, falling short of the arm chair, but falling full on Dr. Meredith [illegible] his mind [illegible] hailed the end [illegible] inspiration [illegible]

He turned and looked feebly about him for a chair. He found one, seated himself, and put his hat down all in silence; and in silence he gazed grimly at the picture on the cover of the yellow novel—a representation of a man and woman feeling some resentment towards each other. At least, the expression depicted on their countenances led to that conclusion.

Five minutes went by thus. Dr. Meredith had made up his own mind, that is to say as far as his first step in the interview was concerned. For some instants no page of the novel had been turned.

"You have come to your senses, I suppose, Jim?"

"You have come to your senses, of course, Althea?"

The two questions were fired off—for the way in which they were asked admits of no better description—absolutely simultaneously. But no trace of a smile at the coincidence appeared on either of the two faces steadily staring at each other. Each was waiting for the other's answer. None was forthcoming. Althea Godfrey closed her lips firmly.

Dr. Meredith closed his slowly, and there was a pause, during which Dr. Meredith made a fidgety movement of impatience in his chair, and his assistant settled herself more comfortably on hers. She had laid the book on her knee, and she threw back her head now, and scanned the ceiling with an expression of coldly calm expectancy which would have chilled the battle ardor of a Bonaparte. Dr. Meredith felt first many sizes too large for the room; and then furiously angry with himself for doing so. He dragged his chair a little further away, and with a gesture that meant many things:

"I am absolutely determined, Althea!" he said.

"Indeed!" was the answer, given without one movement of the handsome head from its position.

"I have been looking out trains," he added in a louder and slightly less firm tone.

"Indeed!"

"You will give up this lunatic plan, and be ready to leave here with me in time for the six-forty to town."

"It is very evident that you have not come to your senses, Jim."

Althea Godfrey moved her head and altered her position deliberately. As she spoke she sat very upright, her hands one on each arm of her chair.

"If you think," she said, "that the hours that have elapsed since I saw you have changed my mind, Jim, you're altogether mistaken. Here I am, and here I stay. I think I speak clearly?" she added, with a sarcastic reflexion in her voice.

"Quite!" he answered grimly, and then he paused and seemed for a moment to be somewhat dubiously casting about for words to go on with. "I shall be compelled," he went on at length, in a voice that seemed to try and supply the place of confidence by extra volume, "to take stronger measures. I am sorry to say this, Althea."

"What are they?" she said. "Do you contemplate taking me by my hair and personally dragging me out of Mary Combe? Do you think of urging on the populace to cast me forth as an impostor? Or do you think of summoning the arm of the law to remove me forcibly? All of these courses are open to you, Jim. Let me recommend a simultaneous trial of the three. It would make an excellent advertisement for you, you know, besides disposing of me."

Dr. Meredith gasped and then choked in indignified and helpless wrath. His feelings were so far beyond the reach of any words that he could only, for some moments, sit staring at the upright figure opposite to him with a blanky vacant face which was growing a trifle pale with despair. At last he said, in a tone which held a curious mixture of aggressiveness and hopelessness.

"I do not intend, Althea to leave this room until I have shown you the folly the indescribable madness of this frame of mind on your part."

Althea Godfrey leaned back in her chair and crossed her feet carelessly. A tiny smile twitched the corners of her mouth, and she said coolly:

"I shall be delighted to have you stay, Jim, as long as you wish. Pray do so. But if you imagine that your presence will have the smallest effect on my intention, you were never more mistaken in your life. You will not mind," with a mischievous light in her eyes, "the fact that I have [illegible] ement this morning, and must be be fetched to Orchard Court at [illegible]

Althea spoke with a quiet calmness that was not without a suspicion of triumph. The words had a curious effect upon her listener.

All at once the arguing, angry, determined Dr. Meredith seemed to disappear, and quite another personality took its place. They had suggested to him the fact that she had, on the night before, seen one of his patience, and for the moment everything else was swept away in keen professional cares and interests. His face was as eager as his voice as he moved his chair with a jerk a little nearer to her, and said:

"You saw the Mainwaring child, then?"

"Yes."

"Much amiss?"

"The injuries are serious about the head and shoulders."

"It'll go on all right, I suppose? You don't mean that it's so serious as that?"

"Oh, no. It'll pull through with care, all right. But it will be frightfully disfigured, poor mite, I'm afraid."

"Disfigured!" Dr. Meredith's tone expressed compassionate concern. "That poor, silly little Mrs. Mainwaring! what will she do? The child's beauty has been the chief delight of her heart. Conscious is it?"

"No."

"Much better not."

During this short colloquy Dr. Meredith's changed personality seemed to have affected his assistant also, for she was as altered as he was. All her antagonistic attitude was in the background. She was interested, eager, and even cordial in voice and manner.

She seemed to rely on his interest, and he to confide in her sympathy, as surely as if no difficulty or dissensions have ever been known between them. The two were for the moment one, resting securely on a common ground.

But the common ground was only a little tiny island in the sea of their contention. They stepped away from it, back into the deep water again with a unanimity that was almost ludicrous. Althea Godfrey resumed her cooly defiant resistance again instantly; Dr. Meredith became once again his irate determined self.

She took up the yellow book as if it had been a weapon; he straightened himself as is to prepare for a charge. There was a little silence. Then she said airily:

"It must be getting on for twelve, now, I should think!"

"Do I understand then, Althea, that you are set upon following your own self-willed, senseless course?"

The question came sharply on her remark, but her answer followed more sharply yet.

"Without the adjectives, Jim, you do! I intend to stay here and help you; with your good will or without it."

"If I refuse to accept your help?"

"You can't. The whole place has heard of me as your assistant. Your own household have seen me in that capacity. You can't refuse work to me without any reasons after that, and you equally cannot give your reasons."

There was in her voice a half-mocking inflexion of triumph, which, altogether with the dreadful conviction that her words were true, exasperated Dr. Meredith's insecure self-control to a point beyond his power of restraint.

"I think," he said in a voice tremulous with the rage which he could no longer keep out of it, "I think, Althea, that if your convictions of duty and propriety are so diametrically opposed to mine, we are scarcely likely to make each other's lives very happy."

"At this moment, we shouldn't make a placid household, certainly!" she retorted, looking up as she spoke with the quietest nonchalance into his working, angry, face.

"It's not I!" she added demurely.

Fired to greater passion by the sight of her unassailable coolness, Dr. Meredith struck the top bar of the nearest chair with his clenched fist.

"It will be your doing if we part over this!" he cried almost fiercely.

"I beg your pardon, Jim; it will be yours, distinctly! I never alluded to the subject, whatever I may have thought of the prospect before me since I have had the pleasure of knowing you better," she added, with a quick flash of her spirited gray eyes, which were full upon him. "Since you have so thoughtfully introduced it," she went on, "I may as well tell you at once that my views are precisely the same as yours."

"I am thankful to hear it," he said, [illegible] heartily about him, for his hat. This had somehow rolled behind a chair and established itself in a corner very difficult to get at.

His assistant's eyes twinkled audaciously, while Dr. Meredith awkwardly and angrily knelt down and proceeded to try and extricate it.

"Understand, Jim," she said, as he rose, crimson with wrath and stooping, his dusty hat in his hand, "the fact of our unsuitability to each other is the only one under heaven on which our views possibly can agree."

Without a word, he unceremoniously put on his dusty property just as it was, left the room, and left the house.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN will you please to want your dinner, sir?

Mrs. French's ample form filled the whole of the entrance passage of Dr. Meredith's house, as he opened his own front door some ten minutes after he had banged Mrs. Johnson's behind him.

"Dinner!" Dr. Meredith's voice gave Mrs. French what she described later, to her underling Jane, as "quite a turn."

"Never!"

With this summary of his wishes he entered the sitting-room and shut the door sharply on her. She retreated to the kitchen, to prepare the meal, amid gloomy presages as to Dr. Meredith's future, for the usual time.

Dr. Meredith himself, meanwhile, hung his hat on the table and flung himself into an arm chair with very much the same gesture.

Never in all his thirty-one years had life presented itself to him as such a mass of impossible complications as it did at the present moment. And perhaps they were the more insoluble because his life had run hitherto on such very simple lines.

He had spent his student years without anything special to mark either him or them; unless it were that he gave more work to his profession than most of his friends, both from a real love and enthusiasm for it, and a simple-hearted determination to get on so well as to rid his father—a country clergyman, and far from rich—of the burden of his maintenance as soon as might be. He had succeeded in his aim, and had scarcely become qualified before he got an appointment as house

surgeon at the hospital where he had studied.

A year or two later this was followed by the offer, obtained for him through personal interest, of an excellent assistantship to a doctor whose London practice was very large and somewhat renowned. This he held for the next few years, and then the practice, through the sudden death of the doctor in question, passed into other hands, and Meredith found himself temporarily "at a loose end."

He had saved money during those years, however, and determined to buy a practice for himself. A London practice was beyond his means, so he looked about for a country one; telling himself contentedly that, after all, the country presented a broader field, and more opportunity for working up a good connection.

The country practice was discovered in that of Mary Combe, which presented the two advantages of a low price and great possibilities in the form of a country connection that only needed working up.

Here, therefore, some nine months before this April, Dr. Meredith had taken up his abode and set to work to make the most of the said possibilities. He had more than one motive for the energy with which he attacked the position.

During the years of his assistantship, Dr. Meredith, being naturally of an extremely sociable disposition, had used, as much and as often as his professional claims allowed, the entree which one or two introductions had procured for him in the first place into a certain "set" consisting of a rather anomalous mixture of fashionable and intellectual people.

He became, quickly enough, in the houses composing that "set," a decidedly popular person. A young, good-looking man with an excellent manner, who is spoken of as "likely to do well," finds many smiles waiting for him.

Among these houses was that of Lady Carruthers. And here, one evening some two years before his leaving town for Mary Combe, he met Althea Godfrey for the first time. Like all her friends, Dr. Meredith had heard of Lady Carruther's niece, "the lady doctor;" and like most of his own professional friends, Dr. Meredith held women doctors in abhorrence. He had listened to Miss Godfrey's name with [illegible] acquaintance.

But on this special evening he chanced to be introduced to a girl whose name he failed to catch; a girl whose personality consisted for him in wonderful grey eyes, and the most charming manner he had ever known.

It was not until Dr. Meredith had fallen in love with all the fervor of a man who has never cared much for women before, that he found out who and what Althea Godfrey was.

But he was far too much in love to pay the smallest attention then to any such detail as Althea's profession. And he spent many terrible weeks of alternating hope and fear before that week came which brought his proposal and her acceptance. The months that followed had slipped by for him like a dream, in which the parting made necessary by his settling at Mary Combe was the first break.

He did not intend to claim Althea for his own until he could give her an income that should keep her far above cares and worries, and this incentive it was that formed so powerful a lever in the force with which he threw himself into the work before him.

The practice proved itself only too adaptable a tool for this same energy. It had been much neglected by its former possessor, and, as has been said, it afforded every chance of development. And develop it Dr. Meredith did; greatly aided therein by the personal popularity he very quickly gained.

Its limits extended so rapidly, that only three months had gone by when he first found himself in the midst of the overwork which had gone on increasing ever since, and which, through his expression of his feelings concerning it, to Althea, had been the cause of his present hopeless confusion.

His first proceeding, after having flung himself into the chair, was to use very strong language concerning his own conduct in writing the aforesaid complaint.

"And yet," he said, with a groan, "who could—who on earth could have dreamed that it would lead to this!"

He gave a long and heavy sigh, and kicked the footstool on the hearth-rug as far from him as his best force could send it. This seemed to afford him some slight ease; his face relaxed a little from the tension which held every feature in a hold of bewilderment, anger, and perplexity.

He was absolutely bewildered, in the first place, by the revelation which Althea's action had brought to him.

Dr. Meredith had rather prided himself on the knowledge of women; not that he was by any means one of the cynical dissectors of feminine humanity, who so complacently flatter themselves that they have placed the whole sex under their pocket microscopes.

His knowledge was founded on very simple lines. He thought he knew human nature very fairly, and he thought that women were but a part of the whole. He expected a certain set of characteristics from a woman—characteristics in which she might very likely fail, he thought, but to which he never dreamed of any addition. He himself, though perfectly strong, clever, and absolutely clear-headed and reliable, was not specially original.

The fact that a woman, and a woman whom he thought he knew intimately, could originate and carry out a scheme so unprecedented and so unconventional as that before him was a realization that had overwhelmed him with amazement

Following on his bewilderment came his anger. Dr. Meredith was proud, and he possessed the quality which is never so adequately described as by the word "masterfulness." To be defied was the one thing he could not brook; very few people in all his life had ever been bold enough to try the experiment of offering him defiance of any sort.

And now, the woman whose every thought and feeling were, he had flattered himself, in perfect submission to his, had not only offered it, but was prepared to maintain it stoutly! The conviction that her will was every whit as strong as, if not stronger than his own; that, if not actually defeated, he had met a formidable equal; together with the hastily smothered but smarting sense of humiliation at not having carried his point, filled him with a heat of angry resentment such as he had never felt in all his life before.

But perhaps the most present source of agitation at this moment, and the heaviest pressure, was his perplexity. His feelings about the situation would keep; the question which must be decided now, this very hour, was—how was he to act in it? What [illegible]

He would have given worlds, as he sat [illegible] Sunday morning in his sitting room, for a competent adviser: some one who could suggest to him some course of action. He felt absolutely incapable of originating one for himself.

Althea's presence in Mary Combe as his assistant was, he said to himself, impossible. He simply could not have her there. He could not have her going about in her man's dress doing his work with him, and generally settling down into her false position, as he angrily called it.

As he thought it over indignantly, details came crowding into his mind; details such as the necessary introduction of Althea to his few friends in the neighborhood; the terms of masculine equality that must necessarily be established between her and them; and the comments on her in her assumed character to which he should have to listen and acquiesce in.

The work itself Dr. Meredith did not mind for her. He had after many an argument with Althea early in their engagement, become to a great extent converted from his first opinion of women doctor. In his case, as in some others, his feeling had taken its rise more in instinctive repugnance to the persons than comprehension of their position; and the repugnance being so forcibly overthrown for him in Althea's person the sequence was not difficult.

He had, in the course of time and of long discussion with her, both on the abstract subject and details of it, become so used now to the thought of her work, that it had even grown to be a natural and withal a delightful thing that he and she would have all their deepest interests on a common ground.

So that, under other circumstances—if they had, for instance, been married, and she had proposed to share his work—he could have very readily consented. It was the position in which she had placed herself that he fought against, and recoiled from with all his force.

However, the more he sat and stared at the floor, the less he seemed able to think of any way by which to remove her from it. The only fact that he did grasp was that he never in his life had been so utterly at a loss.

This reflection was useful, perhaps, as a beginning, but it could not be said to lead to anything. Neither could the heavy groan with which he rose and tried a change of position by walking to the window.

Althea was there, in Mary Combe; he must get her away at once; he could not by any known means get her away if she would not go. This was the circle of propositions round which his miserably bewildered brain revolved.

He thought of a desperate appeal to her; he thought of a stern command; he thought of a compromise in the shape of a third expostulation; and he dismissed each thought in turn with the sensation of hopefulness which is the mental counterpart of the sensation of walking straight into a dead wall.

He knew in the bottom of his heart that he could do nothing; that Althea had been, and was still, too strong for him. He emphasized the anger with which this conviction filled him by the murder of an annoying bluebottle; but this brought him neither relief nor solution of the riddle.

He was rather hungry; in his haste to go and see Althea he had made a very "sketchy" breakfast, and partly from hunger, partly from absolute worry, his brain began mechanically to reiterate the questions that perplexed him, till they seemed like the buzzing of the dead bluebottle.

He strode back to the arm-chair in restless desperation, but he had scarcely sat down when a thump as of a sharp object on the door panel, announced the arrival of Mrs. French with the luncheon-tray.

Having no hand to spare, she was wont to practice this compromise as to knocking, and then to perform a sort of hasty conjuring trick on the latch with her right hand.

"If you please, sir!" she said breathlessly, in a voice which also contained a tentative remembrance of their last meeting, at the same time clattering down the tray with a bang which mixed most of its contents together; "there's Bill Sims in the surgery, waitin' for you. Some stuff for his sister he wants; you told him to come after church, he says."

Dr. Meredith rose, and without a word strode down the room to the door communicating with the surgery, dashed it open with his foot and let it bang together behind him.

"Hang it all!" he muttered wrathfully; thing in peace!"

CHAPTER VII.

"YOU think I shall be about again come summer, sir? I'm picking up again wonderful now.

"Summer is almost here, Mrs. Wilson. It will be June in a day or two, you see."

"Bless me, sir, why so it is. The weeks do run by. It's only the other day, it seems, that I took that cold; just before you came to Mary Combe, and you've been here——"

"Four weeks exactly, Mrs. Wilson."

It was a lovely afternoon, and the sunlight was lying in great bands of yellow light across the Wilsons' kitchen. The window had a wide sill, full of flowering geraniums in pots, and just under it was a sofa—wide, old-fashioned, and comfortable. On the sofa lay Mrs. Wilson, and in a chair close to her, and facing her, was Dr. Meredith's assistant.

"The young doctor," which was the vague way in which, in preference to the more formal title of "Dr. Godfrey," Mary Combe insisted on distinguishing Dr. Meredith's assistant, had altered a good deal during those four weeks of which she spoke.

No obvious alteration was perceptible; indeed, nothing which to the eyes that daily looked upon her in Mary Combe could be called alteration at all. For it was in expression alone that the change lay, and Mary Combe perceptions took no account of such trifles as expression.

The strong mouth which had been such a feature of Althea Godfrey's face had slightly changed its curves. There was the same strength about them still, but a tiny downward set of the corners had made it obstinate instead of firm, and self-willed instead of self confident.

The daring and mischievous glance characteristic of the defiance that had shone in her grey eyes had faded, leaving them still defiant enough, it is true, but rather sombre; and that eager impulsiveness of the whole face which had formed the leading half, so to speak, of its expression, was temporarily in abeyance, kept in hand by the other half, the calm, quiet self-possession. The slight figure was perhaps a trifle slighter, and seemed curiously, and yet not aggressively or exaggeratedly, at home in the grey clothes.

Dr. Godfrey smiled at Mrs. Wilson with the words; a smile that was faintly reproduced on the thin face outlined against the red sofa chintz.

Mrs. Wilson had come very near indeed to the shadow which lay before her. Her almost transparent hands, her hollow eyes, and burning cheeks told unmistakeably the truth, even to unprofessional eyes.

She lay quite still on her sofa for a moment after Dr. Godfrey had spoken, and her unnaturally bright eyes seemed to be wandering from the geraniums to the outlook above them. All at once she moved slightly and fixed them on the young doctor's face steadily.

"You do think I'm picking up?"

She half raised herself as she ended, as if by the gesture to get nearer to the face opposite her own, and read it truly.

There was a little pause. Over Althea's face passed a momentary look of uncertainty; and a reluctant, pitying expression came into the grey eyes. The text, the uncertainty was gone, and a steady resolution had taken its place.

"I am afraid not, Mrs. Wilson."

Very firmly the words were spoken, and very gently. Mrs. Wilson let herself fall back quite suddenly on her pillows.

"You don't think I'm better? You don't think I'm stronger?"

The words came in a hoarse and hollow voice.

Dr. Godfrey rose, and drawing her chair much nearer, laid her hand on Mrs. Wilson's thin fingers. They were clasped together and were trembling.

"I am afraid not," repeated the young doctor in the same firm voice, but even more gently than before. "I think it is best to tell you the real truth. I do not think you will be about again in the summer. I do not think you will ever be strong or well again."

Althea's face was full of a very great tenderness; her steady voice was instinct with pity and sympathy. She watched Mrs. Wilson intently as she spoke the two brief sentences that contained so much, and she saw the quivering face alter as she watched it.

But not as she had expected to see it alter. A look of relief came over it, and all the restless excitement was smoothed

"Thank you, sir!" The answer came after a long pause. "I daredn't ask you before, but I knew it was so; and I knew you'd tell me true."

Althea did not speak; she only laid her hand again with reassuring pressure on the fingers that trembled far less now than in their uncertainty.

From outside came all the summer sounds; the cheery life of the village; the clatter of the children just let free from school; the chorus of birds in the elm trees close by, and the stray note of a distant cuckoo.

"Twenty-three," said Mrs. Wilson, in a low voice; that's all I am. It's young to die and leave it all. Does my husband know?" she added. Have you told Tom?"

"Yes," said the young doctor gently, "he knows."

Across Althea Godfrey's mind came the quick remembrance of an evening a week before, when poor Tom Wilson had met her, and stopped her with an anxious entreaty to be told "the truth about the missus." And she had, as tenderly as she might, dealt to him the bitter blow he had dreaded for months.

A long sigh of relief was the only answer.

"Him and me, we've been very happy," she said in a low voice.

Althea rose and took Mrs. Wilson's thin hand very tenderly in hers. "Good-bye," she said gently. "I think you'll like best to be left alone now."

"Good-bye," was the answer, "and thank you for telling me. Thank you ever so much."

Althea held the thin hand a moment longer, and then she laid it down and went out of the room into the summer sunlight. Her face was rather pale, and all its sterner curves were absorbed and lost for the moment in a great pity. The sombre defiance in her eyes was subdued by their tender, sorrowful gravity.

She turned sharply to her left as she came out, and set off at a quick pace up the hill to her own rooms in the Johnsons' house. She was thinking deeply as she walked, and she could hardly have defined what her thoughts were fixed on; she was half unconsciously living again through the just past sorrowful little scene, and the whole mystery of the sorrow of life was in her mind. The street, the sunlight, the cheery sounds around her as she walked, were all far away and indistinct; for the moment Mrs. Wilson's weak voice was the only sound she heard.

"Then!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEYOND THE SEA.

What dreams are born, what sweet eyes softly shine,
What golden lyres make a happy melody;
What thrilling lips break forth in song divine,
Beyond the gleaming gateway of the sea?
If I but step into the silvering wave,
And launch my soul upon the ebbing tide,
What hand shall be outstretched from thence to save,
And draw me swift unto the other side?
O Love, this is the way thy feet have passed,
And still the foam crests glow with rosy light;
O Love, herein Death found thy lips at last,
And where ye twain embraced the sea is bright,
And I will follow thee! 'Tis not so far
But I shall soon behold thy radiant eyes
Lighting the world where blest immortal are,
As dawn illumes the dark and sunless skies.

Her Vanity.

BY I. G

OLD Mr. Hudson had retired from business some years ago. His business had been that of a dry-salter, and he had understood it so well as to make a fortune at it. Before retiring from business as a dry-salter, Mr. Hudson had, if we may be permitted the phrase, retired from business as a husband. Mrs. Hudson had died in all the fresh enjoyment of her carriage and her silks and her jeweled brooches and bracelets, leaving her husband, as his sole companion, a little sickly boy of half-a-dozen summers.

For a good many years after retiring from business, John Hudson ruffled it with the best; visiting about, entertaining in grand style his many friends, traveling abroad, and enjoying to the full riches he had toiled for. His only child was sent in due course to Eton, and thence blossomed forth into a second lieutenant of a smart cavalry regiment.

But at length old Hudson's holiday after toil showed signs of drawing to a close. His health began to break, old age was coming upon him; the pleasures that his money had brought him, eating and drinking, riding and driving, sitting in fine rooms, being treated with deference, and sometimes even with [illegible] pay-pleasures no longer. He had done his work, he had had his day.

"The account was about to be closed, at no distant period would come the long dreamless sleep," said old Hudson to himself as he crept up and down the sunny path of his highly ornate garden, and mused on the great mystery of life and death.

Realising that his part on the world's stage was played, and resigning himself to old age and invalidism, he dismissed a great part of his large staff of servants and shut up most of the showily furnished rooms in his great new house built after the style of a celebrated Roman villa, and standing on the breezy height of a favorite London suburb.

The servants who now formed the old gentleman's reduced establishment were—Simon Pickering, a personal attendant ("gentle, patient, and experienced with the old and with invalids," said his testimonials) who had replaced the smart valet of more vigorous and fashionable days; the said Simon Pickering's wife, a plain-featured woman approaching middle age, who discharged the now not very heavy duties of cook and housekeeper; a couple of housemaids, and a coachman, who did little save exercise his horses daily, his master having grown partial to the gentle movement of a Bath-chair.

A neighboring medical man, who had often been a guest at Mr. Hudson's table, would drop in from time to time in an informal way, but the invalid resented the notion of seeming under a doctor's care and of being thought seriously ill.

True he had had a stroke of paralysis, but people sometimes lived for years after that if they were careful and kept quiet; and he was inclined to be impatient with his son when the later, now Captain Hudson and quartered in Dublin with the 14th Canterers, appeared at Highstead on short leave, having heard of the sudden failure of his father's health.

On a golden, mild autumn afternoon; Captain Hudson had returned to Dublin, and Josiah Hudson, leaning on the arm of his attendant, Simon Pickering, moved slowly along his smoothly graveled garden-path. London lay below, softened by distance and sunshiny haze into a silent dream city.

"Pickering," said old Hudson, after contemplating the scene for some time, "my sands are running out. Have you ever thought of Heaven, and wondered what it will be like?"

"I can't say as I've thought much about it, sir," answered the attendant respectfully; but he gave his master a searching glance, for the question and the tone in which it was asked constituted, he considered, a new symptom.

"Don't you think it will be something like that?"—and the old man pointed to the prospect beneath them. "See! It might almost be the New Jerusalem that the Bible speaks of, with its golden streets and gates of pearl!"

For a few minutes the old man stood looking silently at the scene, his thoughts full and sad; then he turned and leant yet more heavily on the arm that supported him.

"Take me in, Pickering; I'm afraid I've caught a chill."

Late that evening Pickering sat watching by his master's bed-side. One of the maids had been sent to Dr. Page's to ask him to come round, as Mr. Hudson was "not well." She had come back with the information that Dr. Page was out just now, but would come as soon as he returned.

Pickering sat by the bed where the feeble old man lay in a restless feverish doze, and wondered whether this "bad turn" his master had taken would prove fatal.

And while he so wondered, and while the clock in the passage ticked loudly through the silence, and an occasional ember fell all too noisily from the fire, the old man's eyes opened and looked at the figure seated beside him; but his mind, it seemed, was wandering, and he thought he was looking at the son who had left him a week before.

"Humphrey, I'm glad you're there, Humphrey," said the ex-dry-salter, picking at the bed clothes with his hot, eager fingers. "I dreamed you'd gone back to your regiment; I'm glad you haven't. I wanted to tell you, Humphrey, that there's money in the house—more than is prudent, and you'd better bank it again. It's a matter of a thousand pound in notes; I drew it out because I meant to attend a sale at Christie's and pick up some treasures, but I was taken ill, and there the money is. It's in the secret drawer of [illegible] to find the secret drawer, Humphrey, [illegible] don't you? [illegible]nd drawer with the smallest key of the bunch I always carry about with me—take the drawer right out, and feel about at the back of its space till you feel a tiny knob the size of a pin's head, press that, and a little drawer will spring out at the side—put your hand in it and feel about on its roof till you find a tiny roughness, press that, and another little drawer will spring out at the back, and in that is the thousand pounds. Go and get it now, Humphrey," said the sick man, his voice sinking to an excited whisper; "it's not safe there! the cabinet might be carried off and broken up. I don't trust the servants; I don't trust Pickering; he's skilful and gentle, but he's a cunning eye—and I don't trust his wife! Get it out, Humphrey boy, and bank it—or we may both be murdered."

His speech grew wilder and more incoherent after this—his manner more feverish and excited. Ten minutes later Dr. Page's ring was heard at the door.

* * * * * *

Josiah Hudson never rallied from that "bad turn." Dr. Page remained with him through the night. Just at the approach of dawn, when life is lowest, another and severe "stroke" descended on the feeble form in the bed. He lay in a living death, silent, motionless, unconscious, until after the hurried arrival of his son, and then passed into a world where his real estate and his personality availed him nothing.

On the evening after the funeral, Captain Hudson sat deep in conversation with Mr. Lincoln, the family solicitor, in the smoking-room of Highstead Villa.

"The bank tells me he drew out a thousand pounds in notes a fortnight ago," the captain was saying in a low, discreet voice; "but there's no such sum in the secret drawer of his cabinet, where he always kept any considerable amount of ready money that he had in the house. He was in the habit of attending Art Sales at Christie's, and would draw out large sums for that purpose. If this thousand was drawn with the intention of attending the last sale, and he was prevented by his illness from going to it—why, then, I suppose a pretty big robbery has been committed! Of course the bank has the numbers of the notes, but we can't stop them on a supposition—for my father may have drawn out the money and paid it away on some private business that we don't know of."

The lawyer shook his head.

"We should have found some memorandum of such payment among his papers. It is my firm conviction that Mr. Hudson drew the money out with the intention of attending Christie's last sale, and was prevented by his increasing illness—that, in his failing state, he did not put the money in a sufficiently safe place (unless, indeed, one of the servants has discovered the secret drawer of the cabinet), and that the thief and, as yet, the money, are under this roof. This man, Pickering," and the lawyer's tone dropped still lower; "what is known of him?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"He came to my father some months ago with a character that gave him all the cardinal virtues—in short, he seemed the very man old what's-his-name in ancient times was always looking for with a lantern! His wife was engaged at the same time as cook-housekeeper; I know nothing against her—except the worst that can be said of a woman—she's uncommonly plain!"

The solicitor mused in silence for a time.

"And you tell me they are leaving here for another situation the day after to-morrow; the best thing you can do is to have a detective up from Scotland Yard to-morrow morning."

* * * * * *

It was the night following that on which Captain Hudson and the solicitor had conferred together. Simon Pickering and his wife were in the housekeeper's room sacred to the latter, and had, as was evident from the appearance of the table, been enjoying a snug little supper. They were now seated one at each side of the fire, and Mrs. Pickering, having thrown a cotton wrapper round her shoulders, had taken down her abundant dark hair and was brushing it at her ease. The late Mr. Hudson's cook-housekeeper was a woman of rather unusually plain face, and was, therefore, perhaps inclined to be the more vain about, and careful of, her one little gift to her.

So she sat brushing her generous allowance of fine dark hair, while she looked into the fire with knitted brows and face of deep cogitation. Her husband watched her musings.

Presently, after going to the door—for the third time within ten minutes—ascertaining that no one was listening outside, re-closing it, and returning to his chair, Pickering leaned across the hearth and addressed his wife in the very lowest tones of his soft voice.

"Yes, we must hit on some way, at once, of smuggling the notes out with us to-morrow morning. If we can't hit on some plan of the kind, they'd best go into that fire direct! This detective that's been here to-day (for that's what he is—I spotted him at once!) will have all the servants searched, of course; and we shall be searched just as we're ready to start—that's their intention. So set your wits to work! It would be a pity to burn a thousand pounds! I don't know as I should have done as I did, only I was so sure of your help. Women are always to the fore in a shady business."

"And men are always ready to make use of us in such business, and lay all the blame on us afterwards," rejoined Mrs. Pickering with some asperity. Then, after a pause, she rose, looked at herself in the little mantel-glass, and, twisting her hair into deep, old-fashioned rolls on each side of her face: "How should you like me in this style, Pickering?" she asked nonchalantly. "It's not fashionable, but it's becoming."

Simon Pickering stamped his foot and clenched his hands. "D'you want me to go distracted?" he said; but his voice did not get imprudently loud though his rage was great. "To talk about the fashion of your hair at such a time! There's a thousand pound at stake, woman, and the chance of ten years' hard labor. If you was handsome it would be maddening enough to hear of your vanity just now; but being what you are——"

"Yes, I think it would suit me very well," said Mrs. Pickering to herself, still calmly reviewing her reflection in the glass; "I'll change the fashion of my hair from this very night, and wear it in rolls."

* * * * * *

Simon Pickering was right in his prediction. Immediately before departing to the new situation which they professed to have obtained, the late Mr. Hudson's attendant and his wife, as also the rest of the domestic staff at Highstead Villa, were searched. Their boxes stood ready, and they had just taken an early breakfast, when the Scotland Yard functionary and his female assistant presented themselves. The Pickerings submitted with cheerful readiness to the process.

Mrs. Pickering and the female searcher withdrew, and, on their reappearance in ten minutes' time, the cook-housekeeper's pleasant manners seemed to have won sensibly on the stern policeman. Their boxes were turned out, but yielded no more proof of guilt than their persons had done. No pretext remained for detaining them. Pickering fetched a cab, the boxes were placed on it, Mrs. Pickering, after adieus to her fellow-servants and a curtsey to Captain Hudson, who happened to pass across the passage, stepped into the cab, her husband mounted the box beside the driver, and the vehicle trundled away down the Highstead Hill, ostensibly bound for Euston Station.

But Inspector Sharpe of the detective force was ill at ease. He did not like to see these people depart in peace, yet he could not detain them. There might have been no robbery at all. Old Mr. Hudson might have paid away the thousand pounds in private business and left no memorandum of such payment.

On the other hand, if there had been a robbery, this higly-respectable couple who had just taken their departure seemed to Inspector Sharpe, despite their having come triumphantly through the morning's ordeal, a quarter towards which he would do well to direct his talents. He would like to keep them in view.

To remain at Highstead Villa investigating was, however, also a task much after his own heart. But it was clear he would have to depute another for one or other of these duties.

While he ruminated thus, pacing silently along the lower passages of Highstead Villa, the voices of Rose and Emily, the two housemaids, reached his ears from the kitchen near at hand; he paused instinctively to listen.

"Well, Emily, you and me'll be off in a day or two! I only hope in my next place there won't be no old gentlemen dying, and their sons going and having the servants searched afterwards as if they'd committed a murder—that I do! It's an insult to honest girls like you and I, that it is!"

A second voice assented with a good many exclamations, and the first voice continued. "The idea of that there Mrs. Pickering having such an amount of vanity! I wonder what sudden freak took her to change the fashion of her hair and wear it in them old-fashioned rolls? To be sure, I think I never did see an uglier woman!"

"She is ugly; and yet she managed to get married, you see!" remarked the second voice.

"Yes," rejoined the other, "that's what always puzzles me! These ugly women always get married, whilst good looking girls like you and I don't get the ghost of a chance!"

"Speak for yourself!" was the somewhat indignant retort. "I could get married to-morrow, if I chose; but I'm ambitious. I must have a husband as'll keep me like a lady. No—I never did see such a fright as Mrs. Pickering looked in them great big rolls of hair!"

Inspector Sharpe passed on silently down the passage, and his musings deepened.

* * * * * *

The Seagull a small paddle-steamer belonging to a certain line that plies between the Thames and the Flemish seaports, lay at St. Katharine's Wharf, waiting to drop down the river in the early morning. She had taken on her cargo, which, on the return journey, would be replaced by Ostend rabbits.

More than her cargo the Seagull did not expect this wet stormy October night, for, though during the summer weeks a good many passengers crossed cheaply to the Continent by her and her sister-vessels, she had looked for none such for some little time now.

The elderly stewardess was therefore a little surprised when, at eleven o'clock at night, as she sat by her bright little fire in the ladies' cabin sipping a glass of something comfortable, and thinking of presently retiring into one of the red-curtained berths that lined the walls, she heard the sound of an arrival above, and a minute later was aware of a solitary lady passenger being shown down the little stairway into the cabin.

"Pray don't disturb yourself, stewardess," said the passenger, pleasantly. "Remain by the fire and finish your supper, I beg!"

The stewardess was at once prepossessed in the new arrival's favor—noted with in-

terest the name "Mrs. Thomson" on the ticket of her bag; and, though forced to own silently that the face disclosed when the veil was raised was not comely, mentally pronounced the unexpected passenger, "Quite the lady!"

The latter threw herself down on one of the faded red velvet seats that ran round the little cabin. "One feels a little strange and lonesome, stewardess, traveling without one's husband," she said; "but I must be brave and resist the temptation to have a regular good cry."

"Indeed and you must, ma'am!" responded the stewardess with ready and officious sympathy, bustling to help her charge remove her cloak and wraps. "Crying doesn't mend matters. Dear sakes alive, ma'am, I've had to do without my 'usband for good and all this many a year! Just fifteen year it is since we went pleasuring to Greenwich, and what must poor Tollyfield do but let his legs run away with him down Greenwich hill, and pitched on his head at the bottom, and took up dead." The stewardess wiped her eyes after this peroration and proceeded to hang up the passenger's shawls. "And how about supper, ma'am? Shall I get up something? 'To be sure it's very late, and I don't know if——"

"Oh! thank you; I shan't need anything but what I have with me," said the passenger. Accordingly, having eaten one or two biscuits and taken something from a flask, she professed herself ready to go to her berth. "What time in the morning do we start, stewardess?"

"About five, ma'am. Which of the berths will you sleep in? I can recommend this one as about the most comfortable. Dear, dear! Three months back there wasn't much choosing of where ladies would sleep, in here! I'd all the berths full, and ladies sleeping all over the floor as well! Dear sakes alive! and the quarreling that went on! I'd have given up my post many a time, only what can a lone widow with nine children do? Well, I thought I'd done waiting on ladies for this year, to be sure! But I'm always glad to wait on one as is a lady, pleasant and kindly spoken!"

The passenger had not yet taken off her traveling cap. She now removed it, showing a fine mass of dark plaited hair, with a deep, old-fashioned roll on each side of the face. In a few minutes, assisted by the assiduous Mrs. Tollyfield, she was comfortably settled in one of the lower berths.

"Thank you, stewardess, I shan't want anything more, much obliged! Oh dear! My poor head aches pretty badly!" said the passenger as she lay down.

"Poor dear creature! Does it now?" responded the stewardess, tucking in the rugs and blankets that she had piled upon her charge. "Headache's bad, sure!—though heartache's worse. You want some good sleep and pleasant dreams about your 'usband that you're parted from, ma'am. But I'm afraid you won't sleep comfortably unless you take down your hair; let me arrange it for you."

The passenger drew her head away with a sudden jerk.

"Be good enough to leave my hair alone!" she said in a stern, threatening manner, very different from her former affability. "I shall do very well and want nothing more."

The stewardess drew the red curtain of the berth and left her. But Mrs. Tollyfield's good opinion of the Seagull's solitary passenger was shaken. "A vixen of a temper, for all her pleasantness! The idea of flying out at me like that, all for nothing!"

Thus cogitating the stewardess went to rest.

At five o'clock in the morning there was plenty of bustle on the little deck of the Seagull, and enough shouting for an Orient liner. Below the stewardess was busy also, and the one passenger, having just emerged for her berth and put on the few articles of dress that she had laid aside last night, was sitting by the little fire in the ladies' cabin, wrapped in a shawl.

"We're off now, aren't we, stewardess?" she asked with an eagerness that was half involuntary, as she took the cup of tea that had been prepared for her.

"Yes, ma'am, we're off now. Mrs. Tollyfield's tone was a little stiff; she had not quite forgotten the rebuff of the previous night.

Sure enough, they were off. The paddle-wheels turned once, slowly, laboriously, with a great deal of churning and splashing; turned twice, more easily and quickly; turned three times; the lady-passenger standing on a seat and looking through a porthole that commanded the farther shore of the water, saw the dingy warehouses begin to slide away.

"Yes, we're off now!" she said gaily, jumping down and coming back to her seat by the fire. But in another moment she added: "We've stopped! What's that for, stewardess?"

The paddle-wheels had suddenly ceased their splashing and churning; the shouting above was more vehement than ever, and seemed to be responded to by shouting from the shore close at hand, that the Seagull began to back.

"Something been forgotten," said the stewardess; "and we're returning for it."

The passenger set down her half-finished cup of tea and listened.

The shouting continued, and the little vessel backed to St. Katharine's wharf which she had just quitted.

"Seems to be another passenger coming on board," said the stewardess.

Her companion made no answer, but gazed sternly and stonily into the little fire before which she sat.

A few moments later brisk steps were heard coming down the stairway, and then came a peremptory rap at the door of the ladies' cabin.

"Who have you got in here, stewardess?" asked a man's voice as Mrs. Tollyfield hurried to the door.

"One lady, sir."

"Ah! that's right," said Inspector Sharpe, stepping into the little room. "Good morning, Mrs. Pickering. You very nearly give us the slip—very nearly I've been thinking that that little ceremony that you took part in at Highstead Villa yesterday morning, you and the rest of the household staff, was not quite thorough enough. My female assistant didn't ask you to take down your hair, ma'am, so I've followed you here to do it, if you'll be so good."

Mrs Pickering looked at the inspector, looked at the wondering face of the stewardess. "Well," she said, with a quick deep sigh, "the game's up, I suppose! Five minutes ago I thought I was safe. Bad luck to you, officer, for not giving me the chance of getting clean away!" She paused a moment.

"Will you shake out those rolls, Mrs. Pickering, or shall I?" said Inspector Sharpe.

"Oh! I'll take 'em down! It's no good refusing now!" She put her hands up to her hair, unrolled it, laid the contents on the table. The detective carefully smoothed the paper out, until ten banknotes lay on the table. The inspector quietly placed them together.

"Ten one-hundred-pound notes make a thousand, the sum missed from the late Mr. Hudson's cabinet. Not a bad notion at all, yours, of concealing 'em, Mrs. Pickering! I don't suppose any lady's hair was ever more expensively dressed, ma'am! And now, if you'll put your bonnet on, I must ask you to return on shore with me."

Five minutes later the Seagull steamed away without any passengers, the stewardess loud in her wonder and her moralizings. "Dear sakes alive! So that was why she kept her hair rolled, and flew out at me last night. And me thinking it was all temper! How we do misjudge people!"

GATHERING LEMONS.

WHO has not read descriptions of Sorrento, the fairest gem in Southern Italy, and its orange groves? In April and May the air is heavy with the scent of orange blossom; and the trees, which are still laden with the golden fruit of the last year's crops, are covered at the same time with the white flowers which promise a rich harvest. Underneath the trees are carpets of the fallen blossom, which, as it is trodden under foot, sends forth a scent oppressive in its fragrance. The sun does not strike on the roots of the trees, for they stand so close together as to form an impenetrable shade. Only the common spring violet can flourish in the gloom of an orange grove.

As the carriage winds its way up the road which leads from Sorrento to Massa-Lubrense, the orange gardens disappear, and give way to groves of lemons.

Much depends on the situation in which they are placed as regards the time of ripening. The fruit on the upper branches is the first to ripen, because it is more exposed to the sun. Men are employed to gather it; and young girls place the lemons carefully in the baskets waiting to receive them. Those that fall on the ground are not fit for exportation, but are sold in the Naples market. The stems which remain attached to the fruit are carefully cut off with scissors. Those which have been emptied from the baskets on the ground in heaps must be counted in the presence of the proprietor, or some trustworthy person whom he has deputed to replace him. Women are employed for counting, and with the greatest dexterity they snatch up three lemons in their right hand, and two in their left, and in a sing-song tone chant out 'E uno, e due,' and so on, till they are all counted. The overseer who jots down the numbers knows that every number called represents five lemons.

Now the process of packing begins. Girls from ten to twenty years of age wrap each one carefully in tissue-paper, while older women place them in the boxes ready to receive them. Great care must be taken by the girls deputed to hand the lemons to the packers to choose those of equal size. The women by long practice can tell at a glance the size of the lemons required for the different cases. Each layer must fill the empty space without pressing the fruit too close together. The cases are of different sizes, containing from one hundred to five hundred lemons. The wood used for these boxes is sent to Massa-Lubrense from America, and also from Trieste. The wood, which must be pliable, so as to yield to the pressure of the lemons, is not to be obtained in Italy. A carpenter who is employed by the day assisted at the process of packing, not only to make the cases as they are wanted, but also to nail the cover on each box as it is filled. A thin strip of the same wood is used as a band to bind round the finished cases.

The greater number of lemons, as well as the finest and choicest, are exported to America; and those of an inferior quality are sent to England. Steamers comes expressly from America to Sorrento to export them. During the summer months, a steamer is always at anchor in the Bay of Sorrento waiting for its cargo. Large fishing-boats convey the ready packed cases from Massa-Lubrense to Sorrento. The girls who are employed in wrapping up the fruit carry the boxes down to the shore on their heads at a steady run. The impetus is often so great, owing to the heavy weight they carry, that they are obliged to shout to the passers-by to move out of their way, as they cannot easily swerve aside or draw up suddenly. Some of these girls go from the village, which is on a height, to the shore, three or four times in the course of a morning; but those less strong cannot manage it more than twice. Some of the boxes weigh as much as a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds, and such great weights strain the backs of those who carry them considerably. Nevertheless, they seldom lay down their burden to rest unless it be unusually heavy. Their wages are one franc a day; but all women who fill the boxes are paid two francs, as the work requires the greatest dexterity. The largest proprietor of lemon groves in the place employs these women and girls all the year round, and for that reason gives them even lower wages.

Most of the proprietors are unfortunately hard, grasping men, who take advantage of the necessity of those they employ. Some of the richest of these were originally peasants, and they only care to hoard and accumulate money. A man with over three thousand a year will spend less than three hundred, and so his fortune rapidly increases. Few of them sell their products themselves. They are brought up in quantities by speculators who have direct dealings with America. Each day they receive telegrams giving them information as to the state of prices, which vary considerably, and a proprietor often feels that he has been taken in, when, after selling his lemons at an apparently good price, he finds that the buyer had secret information by which his profits had been trebled. The current price during the summer of 1894 was between forty and fifty francs a thousand, though the price in America is much higher. The price is lower than the average; but the great abundance of lemons last year has more than made up to the sellers for what they have lost on the price.

The smallest lemon-tree is calculated to yield twenty francs a year clear profit. Many of the proprietors make fifteen or sixteen per cent. on their produce. The population of Massa Lubrense from the richest landowner to the poorest peasant may be said to live by the lemon plantations. Some parents who are unusually careful of their daughters, object to their working with a large number of companions who may draw them into evil ways; but the employers as a rule are particular as regards the conduct of the women and girls who work for them.

When evening approaches, they say the rosary together and sing hymns while they continue their work; and who can doubt their being unconsciously influenced by the beauty that surrounds them, as the gorgeous colors of sea and sky form a fitting framework to the fair landscape, with its olive yards and lemon groves interspersed by vineyards?

Scientific and Useful.

AN IRON SOLDIER.—A Spanish inventor has constructed an iron soldier. His inner organs are machinery. He is fed on cartridges, and he carries a rifle, which can be turned in any direction and delivers 50,000 shots in fifteen minutes. The machinery is set in motion by electricity, but the figure itself will only stand and shoot.

FOR WRECKS.—An ingenious invention called the "detector" promises to be very valuable in searching for wrecks. It can be submerged to any depth, and when it comes in the vicinity of a large body of metal notice is given of the fact by loud pulsations in the instrument. This is effected by means of a magnetic arrangement combined with a telephone. The detector is really a clever adaptation of the principle of the inductive balance in the telephone.

STONE BLOTTERS.—A stone blotting pad is being introduced. It is made of a bibulous stone that is said to absorb ink more readily than any blotting paper in use. It is formed by compressing the sediment deposited by certain hot springs, which, having been accumulating for ages, and "is available in inexhaustible quantities." It is highly porous, and will, it is said, take up a surprising quantity of ink, requiring only occasionally scraping with a knife to keep it clean and ready for use.

AUTOMATIC TANK.—Amongst recent inventions of interest to railway companies is an automatic water tank, which consists of a large receptacle placed in a well near the surface of the water and being itself normally full of water. The water is expelled by forcing steam into the top of the tank, the steam under pressure displacing the water and forcing it up through piping to the tender, the automatic tank refilling itself by the atmospheric pressure after the steam has been shut off. The locomotive tender can, it is said, be supplied with water by this system in three minutes, and within a minute after the tank has refilled itself.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—Weeds may add to the bulk of the compost heap, but more good will come from them if burned over some spot where the ashes and heat are needed. If burnt there is an end to the seeds, whereas, turned under or added to the manure pile, there is no knowing what the outcome may be.

SEED.—Many farmers save their own seed, gathering from marked plants that have been nearest to perfection. Some say they do not thresh such of these as are on the cob, in husks or pods or dried receptacles until shortly before the time for using, and claim to have earlier germination and better growth because protected from the air by nature's envelopes.

MILKERS.—The best guide as to the value of a cow as a milker is to weigh her product regularly. That tells her story without any guess work, and is far better than going it blindly upon her pedigree or her "marks." Every owner should know what every cow is doing, as that is the only way to come at the problem of profits and eliminate the element of chance from dairying operations.

HORSES.—It is our boast that in agriculture and in meat we can feed the world; yes, and we can horse the world when we raise the kind of horses the civilized world wants. It might be the part of wisdom to kill off our millions of scrubs and sell their hides and hoofs, and enter the field with a better prospect. The industrial requirements of modern civilization are able horses for the team, the coach, the lumber wagon and the army.

AXLES.—Watch your axles these muddy times and see they don't get full of grit. Frequent wiping and oiling is the only remedy. Sometimes soap and hot water are necessary to properly cleanse an axle box. Washer up from the tips of the axles and not at the shoulder. This will keep the hub crowded up against the shoulder and prevent mud from getting in. Notice the condition of axles, one washered thus and another washered at the shoulder.

KEEP UP THAT RAMPING COUGH at the peril of breaking down your Lungs and Throat, rather let the afflicted immediately resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which cures all Coughs and Colds, and ameliorates all Lung Complaints and Throat-ails.

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Ignorance of Men.

If there be a man who owns to himself that he does not understand his fellow-men, his is the very perfection of modesty. We may not be clever or learned or educated or widely experienced, but most of us flatter ourselves that we can read men. If we go into the remotest hamlet in the land, whence the natives have never traveled a dozen miles, we shall find the belief firmly rooted in the consciousness of the villagers that they all understand human nature.

We complacently view our set of acquaintances and our every-day surroundings, and think of them as the world. It is true that there are sets of men above and below us whom we have not actually met; but have we not heard of them or read of them in books, and do we not know that such as we are they are? Yet the ignorance of the [illegible] what he has observed, and the chances are that he has observed very little. A sense of the amazing complexity of life is one of the after-growths of knowledge.

The man of narrow views and circumscribed experience soon gets to the tether of his observation, and, if we visit him at intervals of twenty years, we shall find him thinking the same thoughts, talking the same half-truths, making the same sententiously-worded mistakes as he made them twenty years ago.

We flatter ourselves that we know men, but we know only a few—that we can take a comprehensive survey of mankind, but we cannot; and the speck of our knowledge hides from view the mass of our ignorance.

One of the tests of the narrowness of the observations on which we generalize may be seen if we trace to its source the information which we put into circulation with the stamp on it of "They say." Who say? We are quite willing to bolster up some opinion or bit of surmise by this portentous general authority.

But who say? When the question is pressed home, it will probably be found that the "they" means two or three persons of our acquaintance, while the great "they," the general public, is completely ignorant of the statements we are making or is indifferent to them.

The understanding of other classes than those to which we belong is often the beginning of social improvement, of a desire to help or a desire for amendment. Little can be done with people who are perfectly satisfied to be as they are. Men and women who live entirely within the circle of their class not only do not see aright and understand their neighbors who are outside that class, but, having no means of comparison, the do not understand themselves. They are not aware in what respects their ways are offensive, and so they have no desire to alter. The loud badinage and rough jests which seem to us so empty and distasteful when we come home from the seaside in a railway-car with a group of good folk who are keeping up the fun of their day's trip to the end are thoroughly realized by them.

One of the party is playing the fool in a rough, blundering, good-natured way, and the others break out every now and then into the vague exclamation, "Well, you are a caution!" It is meant, we may be sure, as a note of admiration and not of expostulation. If we cannot enter into the spirit of the play, be quite sure that it is because we do not understand the good folk. Nor would they understand the refinements of our wit. If they did, they might begin to be dissatisfied with the grossness of their own humor.

The only satisfactory knowledge of men is that which sees them not only in their relation to other men, but sympathetically as they see themselves; and it is one of the rarest of faculties, as we see if we consider the failures of even the greatest of writers who have made the study of human character the object of their lives.

The lesson of this ignorance of men is that we should have charity in our judgment of all who are outside our circle of intimate observation. Too commonly anything that we do not happen to know is thought to be not worth the knowing. In the same way we are inclined to doubt the people with whom we are inadequately acquainted. The man of the world who takes life merrily and drugs care with pleasure is very likely to reject as intolerable the serious religious man, and to mark him down as a humbug. And the earnest believer in many righteous causes feels that the easy-going trifler is in bad case. Do these people quite understand each other?

Changes of fortune often reveal the misunderstanding [illegible] to do right. A young [illegible] a lonely life with his thoughts and ambition. He is respected by those who know him well; but the neighbors with whom his affinities ally him stand aloof. Suddenly he scores a brilliant success through a picture, a book, an invention, a speech, or an examination, and straightway his social surroundings are changed. But he is not changed.

People who tried to look down at him patronizingly are now content to approach with an ingratiating diffidence and flattery. They are anxious to be gracious as soon as they are assured of being on the right tack. But they could not find out for themselves the state of the case because of the ignorance of men which lurks behind our formalities. A very considerable proportion of men and women otherwise worthy deliberately steel themselves against understanding sympathetically others whom they meet.

Their sense of propriety will not allow them to set up a current of communication with all kinds of people whom they may chance to encounter. It is only one man in ten thousand who can fall into easy talk with whomsoever he comes in contact, and so cultivate all the chances of knowing his fellow-men. We may not be able to do that, but we may at the least be aware of our limitations, and know how ignorant or unappreciative we are of certain pleasing traits of character displayed in social spheres that we have not studied.

The poor man often misapprehends the rich man, and the rich man misjudges the poor man. From a hasty glance the sensitive and superfine do not guess at the good qualities that lie buried under vulgarity.

When we hear a mother in the street caressing her child with oaths, we shrink away disgusted—and yet she loves the child. Truly there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy! Too seldom do we realize that our ignorance is an unplumbed depth.

There is one universal honor paid to high and noble principles of life, which is, that every one claims them for his own. No one acknowledges that his principles are inferior or unworthy. Many a man will admit that certain of his actions have been wrong, when he will stoutly deny that their sources have been bad. He will confess to having done a selfish deed, but never to being a selfish man. He may acknowledge spiteful or revengeful conduct, but will warmly resent the charge of a malevolent disposition. Whatever guilt may be confessed, evil intentions are always repudiated.

There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, and sets them to work in their proper places, and turns them to the advantage of their possessor. Without it, learning is pedantry; wit impertinence, and virtue itself looks like weakness; and the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in error and active in his own prejudices.

Remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that by lightening the burdens of some struggling soul we may lighten our own. And when we find some poor fellow being buffeted by the winds of adversity, driven to the wall almost without hope, let yours be the hand stretched forth to him as a brother—let yours be the words that may arouse him to action again and save him from the depths of despair.

All lives in which the sense of duty is lacking are unregulated lives, lives going to waste, with no principle of coherence or growth in them—worthless to-day, and holding no promise for the future. The home whose inmates are destitute of this organizing germ of [illegible] useful united life, is a poor, lonely, desolate place, no matter how sumptuous its furnishings or how stately its adornments.

A fruitful source of altercation, and ill-feeling is the careless and superficial way in which we look at and into each other. We see in our cursory glance what is obvious and on the surface, especially the faults which annoy us or the manner which displeases us. But we fail to see into the depths of heart and soul; and thus our judgments are shallow and crude.

Make men intelligent, and they become inventive. They find shorter processes. Their knowledge of nature helps them to turn its laws to account, to understand the substances on which they work, and to seize on useful hints which experience continually furnishes.

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

There is a great deal of thoughtless interference by parents with the enjoyment of their little ones—interference which confers no happiness on father or mother, but which seriously lessens the happiness of the children.

It is a dear delight for a soul to have the fidelity of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with tears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm with the very source of sorrow.

The best equipment for well-doing is in the experience gained from having done well before. The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe. Evil spreads as readily as disease.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

D. and E.—That well-known article of food called gingerbread has been known since the fourteenth century, when it was made and sold in Paris. It was then composed of rye dough, kneaded with ginger and other spices, and honey or sugar.

George.—There are classes of words which are very arbitrary in their doubling of letters and the reverse, and in the retention or dropping of the final "e." These you should collect, and learn by heart. For example, words terminating in "ment" and in "able." In "arrangement" the "e" is retained, in "judgment" it is dropped; in "disparagement" it is retained, but in "development" it is dropped; in "marriageable" it is retained, but in "reconcilable" it is dropped, and this irregularity runs through a great number of words.

Theta.—Moses declares the locust a clean animal; and certainly it is eaten in Palestine and the adjacent countries. Dr. Shaw, who, we believe, had often eaten them, says that, when fried and eaten with salt, they are not unlike our fresh-water cray-fish in taste; the Arabs, we believe, esteem them as a delicacy. Their numbers are prodigious; and the description in Joel: "They run to and fro; they run upon the wall, a strong people set in battle array; they climb the walls like men-of-war," is quite true to this day, as every description in the Bible is which depends upon physical and local truth. They sometimes fall like a cloud upon the land, and eat up everything. They obscure the light of the sun as they fall, and the people are in a terrible turmoil when they fly, lest they should fall on their lands. Their sudden generation is one of the curiosities, if not mysteries, of entomology.

Blanche.—Vanity in man or woman is weakness; but with the latter it may be said to be slightly natural to her organization. However, it is nevertheless a weakness. We must not confound that personal vanity which ventilates itself in a passion for ornament with another quality for which it is frequently mistaken—we mean self-love. Pope said self love and social love were the same; and he was correct; for we contend that there can be no true affection between man and wife without self-love. What does man love for? Is it not because he is pleased with the object he has selected—as a mate, if you will? His want is appeased; a vacuum in his nature is filled up; and he experiences a feeling of profound satisfaction. Would he entertain the same sensation if the object that excited is were indifferent? Of course he would not, could not; for, as an individual, she would be no more an object of value to him than a defiant stranger. A man shall love in charmed with the person that corresponds with the beau-ideal he had formed of woman; and when she responds to his sentiments, then earthly and spiritual unity is completed.

L. W. J.—Mormonism is one of the many phases of religious fanaticism. It would be neither better nor worse than others but for the practice of polygamy, which has been grafted on the system probably to make it attractive. As regards the "cures" of disease alleged to be effected by the "laying on of hands," these are instances of the operation of perfectly natural and fairly well understood physical forces. The like results are obtained in corresponding cases by any one of a variety of essentially similar processes. What is called metallotherapy, as practised by some of the physicians on the Continent, is of the same nature. It matters little whether the control exerted by the mind over the body be exerted through or with one agency or another. It is the mental influence that cures. It acts by calling up within the brain and nervous system of the patient a force which either breaks down some long-standing obstruction to healthy action in a particular part of the body—as when paralysis is cured by this method—or stimulates some inert organ to healthy action. The influence is real, because the brain with which we imagine or think is as much part of the body as the nerves with which we energise the muscles to act in the ordinary process of walking.

E. T. T.—There are several kinds of parchment, prepared from the skins of different animals, according to their intended uses. The ordinary writing parchment is made from those of the sheep and of the she-goat; the finer kind, known as vellum, is made from those of very young calves, kids and lambs; the thick, common kinds, for drums, tambourines, battledores, etc., from those of old he-goats and she-goats, and in Northern Europe from wolves; and a peculiar kind is made from asses' skins, the surface of which is enamelled. The method of making parchment is at first the same as in dressing skins for leather. The skins are placed in the lime-pit until the hair can be easily removed; then stretched tightly over a frame and the flesh side dressed with a scraper until a perfectly smooth surface is obtained. The skin is next ground by rubbing over it a flat piece of pumice-stone, previously dressing the flesh side only with powdered chalk and slaked lime sprinkled over it. It is now allowed to dry, still tightly stretched over the frame. This drying process is an important one, and must be slowly carried on in the shade. When quite dried, the lime and chalk are removed by rubbing with a soft lambskin with the wool on. Artificial parchment is made by immersing strong, unsized paper for a few seconds in oil of vitriol diluted with half its volume of water, after which it is thoroughly washed in pure water or weak ammonia-water.

WINTER.

BY E. T. W.

The cold and chilly blast sweeps o'er the plain,
Summer is gone, and winter's here again;
The morn so dark and cold, the eve so drear,
The watch-dog's surly bark, shows Winter's here.

The trees have lost their leaves, the fields their green,
The waving corn no longer can be seen;
Down comes the pattering rain with sleet and snow—
The country and the town feel Winter's woe.

But though he comes so cold, he is a friend;
Though dull and drear; he thus works some good end;
His rain prepares the soil to aid the grain—
Without him all our work would be in vain.

Then hail his hoary head, best pledge of spring,
His cold and piercing gales, will blessings bring;
This lesson we will learn, content to rest,
God rules the seasons, and sends what is best.

The Reason Why.

BY S. C. R.

SUNDAY afternoon. The Minster bells had just ceased chiming, and a burst of music flooded the Cathedral as the choir filed slowly in and took their places. A minute or two later the opening sentences of the evening prayer rang loud and clear through the vast building, and the service continued, carried on with that wonderful blending of reverential prayer and exquisite music which characterizes the Cathedral services of all countries and all ages.

The beautifully trained voices of the choir rose and fell, now hushed in the softest whispers, now rising into loudest melody, which vibrating through the length and breadth of the Cathedral, brought rest to many a weary man and woman, who forgot for a time their cares and troubles as they revelled in that perfect music.

Norah Armstrong leant back in the big, roomy stall, as one of the minor canons began the first lesson, and turned her head to get a better view of the grand east window to her left. Up, up, up, her eyes wandered, to the gray, arched stone roof overhead, which had looked down century after century on such countless multitudes of worshippers; then back again to that beautiful window, with all its marvelous harmony of coloring, a fitting decoration indeed for the house of the King of Kings.

A sense of peace and rest stole into the girl's heart, and her face lost something of the sadness which was habitual to it. The past year or two with all their pain and suffering faded away, leaving only the memory of those happy days when to live had seemed very good, and death had not yet cast that dark shadow across her life.

Unconsciously her eyes strayed across to the men's stalls opposite, scanning each face without seeing it, until she caught sight of one which arrested her attention, and with a sudden start of recognition she raised her hand to her eyes, as if what she had seen had hurt them.

"My God! why has he come here?" she whispers to herself.

Could there be any mistake? She lifted her head and looked across to the stalls again. No. Would she ever forget that handsome face, with its laughing eyes? Was it always to come between her and her happiness? Where was the rest and peace in her heart now? Gone! Gone! Had he power even here, in God's house, to make her wretched, to turn all her prayers for help and strength into one bitter cry of hatred, one passionate longing for revenge.

The service was ended, and Norah threaded her way in and out amongst the people; as she walked quickly down the nave towards the west doors, which swung heavily on their hinges as she passed out into the brilliant June sunshine half dazzled by the light after the solemn dimness of the Minster.

"I thought you were never coming," said Mrs. Maxwell with a yawn, looking up from her book, as Norah came into the pretty, cool drawing room. "Ring the bell, there's a dear, and let's have tea at once, I'm half dead. Were there many people at the Minister?"

"Crowds, and I'm sure Captain Haynes is coming to tea. I saw him wildly pursuing me, but I came home the short way and so of course he missed me. Oh, I'm so hot!" and Norah sank into a big armchair. "Why, where's Tom?"

"Gone for a walk by the river. Yes, you are right, there's Captain Haynes coming up the drive! Good gracious! who's that with him? Somebody new, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Norah quietly. Then she walked to the door. Her first instinct was to fly. Second thoughts are best. Would he recognize in the tall, well-dressed, and—so they said, pretty girl, the long, lank, untidy child who used to run wild about the picturesque old hall at Martson so many years ago? No, of course not; so she stayed, and when a few minutes later Captain Haynes introduced "Major Burney" to her, she gave him a very self possessed little bow though icy withal.

"I say, Mrs. Maxwell, hope you won't think me cool bringing him, but he's a great pal of mine—got some appointment on the staff you know. He only arrived on Wednesday, so he couldn't call before," Captain Haynes explained to her, as Burney stood near the tea-table talking to Norah. "He saw her," jerking his head in Miss Armstrong's direction, "and wanted to know who she was. Of course" he added energetically. He adored Norah.

She was very kind to him that afternoon, kinder than she had ever been before he thought.

She smiled up at him in the sweetest way with her pretty bright eyes, and Burney noticing it, asked himself somewhat irritably why those same eyes should look so cold and hard whenever they were turned to him.

"May I come and call again soon," he he asked, as he said good-bye, looking down at her intently.

"This is my cousin, Mrs. Maxwell's house, not mine," she answered coldly. "I cannot prevent you from coming," which was rude, to say the least of it, and she was noted for her courtesy.

He made a little bow.

"Norah," said Mrs. Maxwell, after the two men had left, "I never saw such an icicle of a girl as you are in my life! I wonder that wretched Major Burney was not frozen to death, and the poor man admires you immensely. He talked about you all the way here, and gazed at you all through the service this afternoon, Captain Haynes told me. Why were you so cold?"

Norah sat down in a low chair near the window and looked out into the garden, her elbow resting on her knee, her head on her hand.

"I'm afraid it's my nature to be an icicle," she answered slowly at last. "I can't rush at everybody with open arms. Nearly every man I meet bores me, and all the women seem to fight shy of me, I suppose it's a want of friendliness in my own disposition. I often wish I wasn't so 'stand-offish' towards the world in general. I envy people who have any amount of friends, and can find pleasure in their society. I would like to be able to make friends, but I can't. It isn't in me. Do you know I sometimes wonder if every one has a big lump of affection given them when they are born, and if some of us manage to spread it over half a hundred people, and the rest of us give away our whole lump to one person."

Edith Maxwell did not say, "what an absurd idea," for she understood this reserved girl as no one else did. She only said:

"If that is the case, I know who you spent your affection on, dear."

There was a long silence after that, broken only by the wind sighing in the trees, and the loud "caw," "caw" of the rooks, as they made their way noisily home and prepared to go to roost. The girl's thoughts had drifted back again to that dead past, and her cousin would not disturb them.

"Edith," said Norah at last, "I can never thank you for all your kindness to me since I came to live with you and Tom. No one else would have sympathized with me as you did, but you—you understood," and getting up from her chair she walked across the room, bent down, kissed her cousin's forehead, and then quietly went up-stairs.

One afternoon, about ten days after this, Norah was spending a delightfully lazy time reading a novel, sitting near the open drawing-room window in the most comfortable chair she could find, when Captain Haynes was announced. The Maxwells had gone out for a drive, so Norah and her admirer were tete-a-tete. They had tea, and then wandered about the garden together.

She had a distinct suspicion of what was coming, and was dreadfully nervous in consequence. She talked incessantly, and whenever there was a pause, plunged wildly into some utterly improper subject. But it was of no use, he would not be put off, and before he left he had offered her his heart, which was good; his hand, which was huge; and his fortune which was nil.

She refused all these, but very gently and kindly, for it hurt her to give the honest hearted man any pain.

"I am so dreadfully sorry about it all," she said regretfully, "but surely you never thought that I—I——"

"You never encouraged me, if that's what you mean, and it isn't your fault in the least. Some one was saying only the other day that you never seemed to care a straw for any of the men in the place. I was a fool to think I had a chance, but you're enough to turn any man's head. I couldn't help falling in love with you."

She remembered the last sentence when she was dressing for dinner that evening, and a determined look came into her eyes, and queer lines about her mouth. She rushed down-stairs into the drawing-room very late, looking lovely, decked out in all the glory of a new white ball-dress, and carrying an enormous bouquet of white roses in her hand.

The militia regiment, which had just come up for their month's training, had sent out invitations for a ball that evening, and Mrs. Maxwell was giving a little dinner-party of eight beforehand.

"Oh, Edith, why didn't you begin dinner?" she whispered to her cousin, as she passed her to say "how d'ye do" to a lady at the other end of the room.

Everybody had arrived, Major Burney among them.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," she said, apologetically, as she shook hands with every one, then as she reached Burney she looked up at him, her big, gray eyes full of laughter, and said, "You see I have got a new dress on, and was so lost in admiration of it that I forgot the time!"

She had met him several times since that Sunday afternoon, and he had shown her very plainly by his conduct that she had a great attraction for him, but she had received all his overtures most coldly, and the sudden friendliness in her tone as she spoke to him now was a delightful surprise.

"[illegible] dinner?" he asked quickly.

"I'm afraid not," [illegible] shake of her head. "Now I must dispose of all these things somewhere before I go in. "Oh! this table will do," laying down her gloves, fan and bouquet. "Aren't they perfectly lovely?" gently touching the sweet, white scented flowers Captain Haynes had sent her.

"Because you won't take me, there is no reason why you shouldn't take the flowers," he had said with a rather sad smile as he parted from her that afternoon.

"Yes, lovely," said Burney; "I wish ——"

"What?" as he stopped short.

"That I knew who had sent them."

"Do you! Why?" looking straight into his eyes.

"Because I am—jealous."

"Are you? You needn't be" she answered very low. Then with a sudden change of voice, "Oh, dinner's ready. Here's Tom coming to carry you away. Good-bye," with a friendly little nod.

"Which dances may I have?" Burney was asking Norah an hour or two later as they stood in the brightly lighted ball-room.

"Which do you want?" glancing down at her card.

"May I see your program?" holding out his hand for it.

She had been in the room hardly more than a minute, and had only about half a dozen names down, but she gave it to him, knowing perfectly well what the result would be.

"Oh, what luck! How many may I have? Only two?" in a decidedly disappointed way; "surely you will give me more than two? Miss Armstrong, I've been looking forward to this evening so much, don't spoil it all for me please," looking at her in that pleading way he had never found to fail with women yet. "You know perfectly well there is not another woman in the room I want to dance with. You will give me some more won't you?"

The end of it was that Norah promised him nearly half the programme, which did not surprise him in the least.

"I knew she wouldn't turn the cold shoulder to me for long," he thought to himself with a smile. "I have never yet come across the woman who did."

"This is ours then?" he said, as the next waltz began. She shivered as he passed his arm round her.

"Are you cold?" he asked, with some little surprise in his tone.

"Only a goose walking over my grave," she answered lightly, although her face had turned as white as her frock. Polite society forbids us to tell a person that we loath them.

"Poor Captain Haynes!" whispered Edith mischievously to her cousin towards the end of the evening, "He doesn't seem to have a chance against Captain Burney!"

"The two are not to be compared," was the answer, but Edith did not understand the remark quite in the way it was meant.

The ball was over, and Norah was standing in front of the looking glass in her bedroom still in her evening dress.

"Norah, my dear," addressing her reflection half contemptuously, "you didn't know you could flirt so well, did you? When flirt means flirt—well, what happens?" Then she turned away with a quivering sigh. "Why has he come into my life again?" she asks herself wearily. "The very sight of him reminds me of all the wrong he has done, and I was trying so hard to forget, and if I had never seen him again I might have forgiven too. Now—I can't!"

So the time went on, and hardly a day passed without Jack Burney meeting Miss Armstrong somewhere or other, sometimes at a tennis party, sometimes at a picnic or a dance, and if there was nothing going on, and he thought there was no chance of meeting her elsewhere, he would drive down in his dog-cart and spend his afternoon at the Maxwells.

Norah Armstrong saw clearly the power she was gaining over this admirer of hers, and welcomed each fresh proof of it with a kind of bitter triumph.

"I will make him love me," she would say to herself fiercely. "He may have flirted with other women, but he shall love me."

And so one day when she had met him at a picnic, and they had wandered together through the cool, green woods, it came about that he asked her to be his wife.

Burney had flirted desperately with more women than he could count, and in all his love affairs it had been his boast that the women met him two-thirds of the [illegible] She seemed to repel even while she encouraged him.

Sometimes when he congratulated himself as gaining ground as regards her affections, he would see a look in the gray eyes which startled him, and which, had it not been cancelled a moment after by some kind word or other, he could have vowed showed intense dislike. He did not understand her in the least, wherein perhaps lay her greatest fascination for him.

It was a new experience to find himself exerting every faculty to induce a woman to care for him, and the very novelty of the situation was pleasing to one who believed he had run through the scale of emotions before he was thirty. So he pleaded his cause, and very creditably too, for the man was in earnest for the first time in his life.

A curious feeling took possession of the girl as she listened, a wild sort of triumph, mingled with bitter resentment, an odd sensation of a man to raise in a girl's heart—if she loved him—had he but known it. He did not know it though.

She gave him no definite answer. Would he wait? she asked him, but in such sweet soft tones as to leave bitter doubt in Jack Burney's mind, as to what her answer would eventually be.

"Of course I'll wait. I'd wait all my life for you," and he caught her hand in his, but only for a second, as the girl drew it away directly.

"Let me think it over, and—and—will you promise never to—to—touch me, until I give you leave?"

"I will promise you anything," but the request hurt him strangely; "still I may hope mayn't I?"

"Why, of course you may," and she smiled up at him so kindly, Jack knew he had only to wait patiently and he would win.

A fortnight passed away—violent love-making on one side, very graciously and prettily received on the other. And still Norah gave no answer.

"Major Burney has written to say he is coming round this afternoon," said Mrs. Maxwell at breakfast one morning. "Will you kindly tell him, Norah, that I quite forgot it was the Primrose League meeting to-day. I dare say he will try and bear my absence if you entertain him instead!" she added with a laugh.

Five o'clock came and Major Burney

never appeared. Norah rang the bell rather impatiently for tea. She really could not wait for him any longer, she told herself irritably. Ten minutes past five. Surely he was coming? It really was rather rude of him to keep her in like this and then never turn up. A ring at the front door bell. She fixed her eyes expectantly on the door. It opened; only the servant with a note.

A vague sense of uneasiness and disappointment came over Norah. She took up a book and tried to read, glancing frequently at the clock; half-past five; twenty minutes to six; ten minutes to six. She shut up her book with a bang. Could anything have happened to him? As a rule he was never later than four, and here it was going for six o'clock. All sorts of possible and impossible catastrophes that might have befall en him rushed through her mind.

Had he been thrown out of his dog cart? She had always told his mare looked as if she meant mischief. Perhaps—perhaps—he had been—killed! Wildly improbable as the idea was, her breath came and went in little, short, quick gasps, and the color faded from her cheeks, as with a sudden movement she sprang to her feet. At that moment the door opened and Jack Burney walked in.

"Oh, how glad I am you have come!" she cried, the color rushing to her cheeks again as she held out both her hands to greet him, all her intense joy and gladness shining in the sweet gray eyes. "I didn't know what had happened to you; I thought you would never come!" Then all at once her hands dropped to her sides, and her face grew very white and still, for it had flashed upon her as a sudden revelation what her unbounded anxiety for him meant.

"Were you anxious?" he asked very gently, looking in to her eyes; "it is good to think you missed me. Norah, don't you care for me a little?" he pleaded earnestly. Surely her eyes had not welcomed him in that way, had he no chance.

She walked away from him to the window. She could not trust herself to look at him just now. Care for him a little? Would to God it had only been a little. Fool that she was never to have guessed whither she was drifting. Playing with fire is but a dangerous game at best, and now that was too late she had suddenly discovered that she had burnt herself.

"When am I to have my answer, Norah? Don't keep me waiting too long, please. Surely——"

"I will tell you soon," she interrupted. "Please—please don't ask me now," and her lips quivered, "I—I—have a headache to-day," she ended lamely. This new pain had come upon her so suddenly, she felt utterly weak and helpless now. She would be brave enough if she could only fight it out alone.

Next morning Major Burney got a note from Miss Armstrong asking him to come and see her that afternoon. He drove round about four o'clock, and fidgeted about the drawing room waiting for her. It was deliciously cool in there, the windows were wide open, and the venetian blinds drawn low down to keep out the glare.

On every available table and bracket were flowers, whose sweet scent filled the whole room. A veritable Paradise after the hot, glaring world out of doors.

She came in at last and he started as he saw her face, it was so drawn and white. She looked as if she had not slept all night, and there were black marks under her eyes—those eyes, so intensely sad, that in after years they never ceased to haunt him.

He had seen them merry, scornful, cold, angry, but it was as he saw them now, passionately sad, that he always remembered them afterwards with a useless and unavailing remorse.

Without saying a word she laid a packet of letters in his hand, then walked to the window and waited.

"How did you get these?" He was nervous, and even to himself his voice sounded odd. Then reflecting that he had better put a bold face on the matter, and realising more keenly every moment that this girl, with the pale, sad face, meant all the world to him, he went on quickly, "Of course you must know, as you have these letters," she turned her head and listened intently, "that I was engaged to be married once. But—er—we—got eventually tired of each other."

If she had for a moment regretted her past conduct, had stopped sometimes to wonder if it was right to follow the path she had marked out for herself, all misgivings flew to the winds at his words. She turned and came towards him, her head well up, her eyes blazing.

"Mutually tired of each other!" she echoed, and he wondered at the scorn in her voice. "Why do you lie about it? There is no use doing so to me, unfortunately I know too much about it!"

"Then say I grew tired," he amended with an impatient laugh. Then with a sudden change of voice, "Surely you will not let a stupid love affair, dead and done for, come between us. I never really cared for her, she cared far more than I——"

"Stop! How dare you!" she burst out passionately. "Have you no sense of right or honor left in you! Yes, she did care for you, honestly and truly, with a love such a man like you are incapable of grasping."

"May I ask you to tell me the reason why you are so very angry?" he asked quietly.

Surely all this showed she was jealous, and if that were the case, why, so much the better.

"Yes, I will tell you the reason why," and her eyes flashed angrily, though her voice was as quite as his own—"the reason why I have ever even spoken to you. Helen Grant was my cousin."

She stopped for a moment as Burney look up with a start.

"I had lived with the Grants from my babyhood, and loved Helen, who was ten years older than I was, better than any one else in the wide world. There was a quiver in her voice, and for a moment she did not speak, then went on again hurriedly as if she must tell her story as quickly as possible.

"My father and mother died when I was a baby, I had no brother or sisters, and the whole of my childish affections was centered on Helen, and the older I grew, the stronger my love became." Another pause as she began to rearrange a vase full of big, sweet-scented, top-heavy roses, but her hands trembled as she had to leave her task unfinished. She could not go on speaking until she had her voice under control, and Burney did not break the silence, he was walking restlessly up and down the room, but came to a halt at her side as she resumed quietly, all trace of emotion having left her voice.

"When I was about fourteen you came down to stay near us, and before you left you had become engaged to my cousin. I used often to watch for you as you came up the drive, and run and tell her you were coming, for I loved to see the gladness that my news always brought into her face. You hardly ever saw me when you came, for I knew Helen was happier alone with you. I wondered when I first saw you again if you would recognize me, but it was hardly likely. Mrs. Maxwell had often heard your name, though she had never met you, but when she speculated on the possibility of your being related to the man who had been engaged to Helen Grant I volunteered no information. You did not know me, and I did not wish any one to think that I knew you."

"Armstrong? Armstrong?" he muttered to himself, "of course I remember now. Oh, what a fool I've been." Then out loud, "But she never called you Norah?"

"No, she never called me Norah."

"I thought not, she used to call you——"

"Don't say it!" she cried, as if the sound of that dear old pet name from his lips would be more than she could bear. Then she went on quietly, "My uncle was in very bad health, and Helen could not bear the thought of leaving him to go out to India with you. You were so kind and thoughtful, she told me," a curious satirical inflection in her tone, "and said you would not try and persuade her to leave him on any account. It was very thoughtful of you not to marry her until you had made quite sure of her money, wasn't it?"

A deep red flush spread over his face as he made some angry ejaculation, but she went on speaking and took no notice of it.

"Mr. Grant, was as you know," slightly emphasizing the last words, "a very rich man, and Helen, being the only child, was looked upon as a great heiress. Her mother was dead, so her father's fortune would come straight to her at his death. You knew that, didn't you?" with a scornful laugh.

"When her father died, after being a complete invalid for three years, it was found his fortune was a third of what it was supposed to be, that he had lost nearly all the money he had, chiefly in speculations, and that Helen would have barely a hundred a year to live upon. You know the rest; how she wrote and told you her father was dead, told you too how she was no longer rich; sorry, as I know, that she would bring so little with her, but never doubting for an instant that she would not be as welcome to you poor as rich.

"Don't interrupt me," she said, authoritatively, as he tried to speak. "You shall hear it all; all the cruel wrong you did her. I shall never forget the day when she got your answer. She came into my room, your letter in her hand, and she looked so changed I hardly knew her. She had aged ten years it seemed to me, her face was so worn and lined. Then she showed me your letter, surely the cruelest one a man ever wrote, with its pitiful attempt to hide your intense selfishness and disloyalty, under the plea that you could not bear to drag her down to poverty; as if," with a mirthless laugh, "it were not poverty enough to live on a hundred a year!

"She knew perfectly well you could afford to marry her, and she saw you in your true colors. As long as I live I shall never forget the look of suffering on her face, as she turned to me and said so pitifully: 'It was my money then that he cared for after all.'" And the tears came into Norah's eyes as she turned away with a sob.

"Is it any wonder I grew to hate you?" she went on rapidly. "My pretty, bright cousin changed into a broken-hearted woman. She had always been delicate, and after that she took no care of herself. She died six months afterwards. Don't try to look sorry, please!" with a hard little laugh, "I couldn't for the life of me believe in your sorrow if I tried. You ought to be glad she is dead, you spoilt her life.

"Are you surprised that I should feel that the man who brought this sorrow into her life had helped to kill her?" she ended fiercely. "To be engaged to you for three years, and then——"

There was a long pause, broken at last by Burney.

"I am sorry you should think so badly of me," he said earnestly, "but we all do things we afterwards regret. I love you with my whole heart, and if I can make up for the past by my devotion to you, I will do it. Surely you will forgive me! Don't you care for me a little, Norah?"

"Care for you! Care for you!" she echoed, her eyes blazing. "It is so likely I could care for a man who spoilt the life of the woman I loved best on earth; a man whom I despise, whom I have hated, both for the wrong he did her and the grief he brought into my life when he helped to kill her—oh, you ask a strange thing!" And yet she knew she loved whilst she despised him, and that to no one else could she ever give the intense passionate love that had grown up in her heart, against her reason, against her will, for this man whom she knew to be utterly heartless and untrue.

"Surely you must understand?"

"Understand what?"

"That I never meant to marry you. That I made you care for me only to throw you over in the end. You played with Helen; I have played with you. You spoilt her life, I have tried to spoil yours."

"Then I am to understand that you have deliberately flirted with me from first to last?" The words came very slowly and distinctly, but his face was as white as her own.

"Deliberately, from first to last," she answered, defiantly, drawing herself up. "I know what I have done. People will say I have behaved as no woman worthy of the name could have behaved, for they will never know the truth. But if I have made you suffer one tenth of what you made her suffer, I am amply repaid for the lie I have acted during the last month or two, and the contempt I may incur in the future. Now, go!" and she pointed to the door.

For a moment or two they stood still looking at each other, and Jack Burney knew by the beautiful, proud, white face confronting him, that there was no hope for him.

"May I never set eyes on you again," she ended, then turned away and leant on the mantlepiece, her face in her hands.

"You are repaid, Norah," was his answer—for he loved her—"more than you can dream of," and so he left her, taking with him all the sunshine of her life.

When his footsteps had died away she ran up stairs into her room, locking the door behind her.

She had sent him away! Never again would she hear the voice she had grown to love, or see the face which had become dearer to her than she had ever dreamt it could have been. And it was all her own fault. If she had never tried to make him love her, had never deceived him, this pain would never have been here.

"If I have done wrong in trying to punish him, I have been punished myself, for I love him!

"Nell; my sweet, sweet Nell," she sobbed passionately, as she flung herself on her, knees by the bedside, "I have had my revenge. I have made him suffer, and—I have spoilt my life. Oh, what good has it all been? Can it lessen the cruel wrong he did you? Can it bring you any happiness? Can it bring you back to me? No, no, for you are dead—dead! My darling, my darling, in my bitter anger I tried to spoil his life. I would to God I had never done it now, for you would not have wished it, Nell; you would have never taught me this lesson of revenge. Why did I not leave it all in better, wiser hands than mine? Nell, Nell, I shall see you again some day, surely? It cannot be that I have lost you forever now through my own doing! God is too pitiful for that. He will forgive; oh, surely He will forgive?"

Autumn Lovers.

BY G. B. B.

WE are always very much hurt if casual visitors to Benfield do not at once grasp all the salient points of that interesting town. Our usual method with distinguished foreigners is to take them to the bridge, and, pointing to the zigzag course of the New River, with the little bridge over it leading to Miss Prudence Pembarthy's house, ask them what foreign city it at once brings to mind. Then they look round at the new Methodist church—the village green, gay—the old elm trees, full of sable-coated denizens, and guessed the problem:

"What does it remind us of? Oh, Beckham Rye, or the Hamstead Ponds."

We dissemble our disgust, and say, encouragingly, "Think again. Now, the bridge, for instance; hasn't it a foreign air? Doesn't it remind you of 'I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,' and all that sort of thing, only it's a foreign bridge?"

Whereupon the visitor guesses Coventry, and give it up in disgust when we say we meant Venice.

Benfield's picturesque resemblance to Venice was the chief point which induced Miss Patience Pembarthy to settle among us. She had lost most of her tin. (Pray, do not for a moment imagine that I, Closely Reade, am indulging in slangy jokes about money. Miss Pembarthy's father had owned a tin mine; but one fine morning the tin moved on, or gave out, or did something unexpected, which altogether dissipated its customary remunerative properties.) When the mine failed to respond to the demands made upon it, old Mr. Pembarthy took to his bed and died.

Miss Prudence saved a hundred a year from the wreck, or, rather, her Cornish friends settled that amount on her, and, by dint of the most unblushing statements, induced her to believe that it was the last act of reparation which the fickle tin had made before moving on to some unexpected place where it could not be got at.

Miss Pembarthy was overwhelmed when this blow happened to her. She said that she could no longer remain in the district where so elusive a metal—she wasn't quite sure whether tin was a metal or a mineral—would always remind her of the fickleness of things. Besides, she was intensely proud. She humbly prayed to her Maker to forgive such a weakness; but the mere thought of giving up her family pew at Tregarthen church and seeing it occupied by others who could afford to pay for it, filled her with anguish. In all the ordered sweetness of her days—she was forty-five, but didn't look it—she had taken precedence at Tregarthen; now, she could not afford to live there any longer, and come to Benfield with her small maid.

I am not an imaginative person, but when I went to Miss Pembarthy and began to pour out my love troubles in her sympathetic ear, it seemed to me as if the walls of her little sitting-room floated away, and that I was in heaven.

She had such sweet blue eyes, such a lovely peach-like complexion, that I always wanted to kiss her, but feared to take so great a liberty. Whenever I felt I must yield to the impulse, I looked at her nose, which was aquiline and somewhat strongly defined, and refrained. One day, however, when my troubles were unusually bitter—I am not going to tell you about them—she suddenly opened her arms and held me tightly until I felt better. After that, I loved her more fondly than ever, and was not surprised when she consulted

me about Mr. Trelawny, who had come to settle in Benfield a fortnight before her arrival.

He occupied a little house at the other end of the village, but never failed every afternoon to call at Miss Pembarthy's and leave a punctilious message to the effect that he hoped the climate did not incommode her.

Miss Pembarthy invariably sent out a message in return thanking him for his courtesy, and saying that at present the climate had not inconvenienced her in the least.

On the first of every month Miss Pembarthy received callers. Mr. Trelawny invariably stayed to tea afterwards, only to be ignominiously defeated at backgammon by Miss Pembarthy.

I conceived exaggerated ideas of Miss Pembarthy's prowess at this redoubtable game, until papa informed me that Mr. Trelawny could beat the village doctor with superlative ease, who was supposed to be the best backgammon player in the United Kingdom.

Then it suddenly dawned upon me that here was a romance going on right under my nose—a romance which was developing slowly but surely.

I gathered from Miss Pembarthy that Mr. Trelawny must have lost his tin also, as, next to the Pembarthys, he had held the leading place in Tregarthen society. Indeed, he had been for years a constant visitor at the Pembarthy mansion. It was easy to see that Miss Pembarthy was a little troubled in her mind by Mr. Trelawny's settling down at Benfield. She missed her great house, her servants and carriages, her customary benevolence, the deference which had always greeted her whenever she took her walks or drives abroad

Somehow, Mr. Trelawny's handsome face brought it all back to her. He was fair and florid, with an old-world courtesy which strongly resembled her own. And as for his age, he could not have been more than fifty.

He never alluded to his own losses; but when people pointed out that the small house wherein he lived was not particularly commodious, he answered, with a certain amount of well-bred impatience, that he would not presume to live in a better dwelling than his accomplished neighbor, Mistress Pembarthy. If she could endure the miasmatic fog, laden with the odors of decaying cabbage, which came from the New River, he esteemed it a privilege to breathe it also.

As time went on, it was easy to see that Mr. Trelawny's presence afforded Miss Pembarthy a great deal of comfort in every way. He had taken the most prominent and expensive pew in Benfield church—the pew generally reserved for the leading country family—in order to place it at her disposal.

Miss Pembarthy was greatly distressed by his kindness, but did not know how to avail herself of it.

"You see, my dear," she said to me, "Mr. Trelawny is so impetuous, but with the kindest heart in the world. If I appear in his pew with him, it might give rise to scandal. People will presume to talk about us, and look upon me as giddy. What would you advise me to do?"

I pointed out to Miss Pembarthy it would be a gracious thing for her to appear in Mr. Trelawny's pew with me next Sunday, and that she could sit in mine on other occasions. But on the following Sunday, Mr. Trelawny did not come to church at all, and Miss Pembarthy and myself were, consequently, the sole occupants of the pew. She was greatly distressed by this.

"I have no right, my dear," she said, "to come between this gentleman and the duty he owes his Maker. Will you kindly explain this to him, and"—she blushed faintly—"that the tender kindness of years would make his presence agreeable to me, were it not that we are in a strange town where people might presume to criticise our actions?"

I went upon my errand to Mr. Trelawny; but he remained obdurate until it was arranged that we should occupy the pew alternately.

When Miss Pembarthy sat there, Mr. Trelawny entered my pew, Miss Pembarthy came to me. Thus, propriety was not outraged, and no one could do more than dumbly wonder at such an arrangement. People were surprised that Mr. Trelawny could afford to pay for so expensive a pew, but, with the most unclerilable motives, put it down to pride and a desire to oust the Bottelars—the Bottelars are our county family—we have only one—from their position.

Besides, Miss Pembarthy had a far more imposing effect as she sat in the great pew, with the curtains drawn aside, than Mrs. Bottelar, who always shut the curtains close, and refused to come out until the congregation had dispersed.

Matters continued thus for some months. I began to take far more interest in my own love affairs, and concluded that nothing fresh would ever happen to alter the relative positions of Miss Pembarthy and Mr. Trelawny. And I doubt very much whether anything would have given him the courage to speak out, had it not been that one Sunday, Miss Pembarthy forgot that it was his turn to occupy the big pew. Being a very punctual man, he had entered the church as the clock struck eleven, and modestly retreated behind the curtains in one corner, in accordance with his invariable custom.

Miss Pembarthy came sailing up the aisle with her customary air of dignified humility.

Human beings are but weak after all, even the best of them, and this was the one moment in her life which brought to mind her former greatness.

As she opened the pew door, I noticed her give a little start, hesitate for a moment, and then irresolutely enter. She did not, as was her wont, draw back the curtains, and for the rest of the service I lost sight of her.

After the service was over and the congregation had dispersed, I went over to Miss Pembarthy's pew to ask if she were ill. When I looked in, she sat near the door. Mr. Trelawny, looking the picture of conscious guilt, although it wasn't his fault at all, sat bolt upright in the opposite corner. And each waited for the other to move.

I solved the difficulty by affecting not to see Mr. Trelawny, and drew Miss Pembarthy away.

She usually dined with us on Sundays; but on this occasion walked past our house and went straight on toward her own little dwelling in a way that showed she was greatly agitated and scarcely knew what to do.

As I followed Miss Pembarthy up stairs into her little bedroom, she faced me, the corners of her mouth curiously set and rigid.

"My dear," she said, "I must leave Benfield. I have disgraced myself. I shall never be able to survive the—the impropriety of entering a gentleman's pew by myself when he was there."

A few tears ran down her cheeks. I had never seen Miss Pembarthy cry before.

"I was becoming quite happy here," she said. "People did not presume on my misfortunes. I have grown to love the little children, to make dear friends. Now I must go away from you all and live my solitary life elsewhere. Mr. Trelawny will never forgive me. He did not even bow as I came away. He must think me an immodest woman."

I tried to soothe her, but in vain. At that moment someone knocked at the door. Miss Pembarthy started in alarm.

"What can it be?" she asked, clinging to me, thoroughly unnerved.

The little maid came up stairs.

"If you please, mistress," she said, "Mr. Trelawny requests the pleasure of five minutes' conversation with you on a rather delicate matter."

Miss Pembarthy clung to me.

"What shall I do, my dear? What shall I do?"

"Say that you will be glad to see him, dear Miss Pembarthy," I suggested. "It is better for you both that some understanding should be arrived at."

Miss Pembarthy consented to see Mr. Trelawny on the condition that I was present at the interview. It was a little frightened myself; but with my strong love for Miss Pembarthy, I could not desert her under such trying circumstances. So, after re-arranging the old fashioned point lace round Miss Pembarthy's white throat, I took her hand and led her gently down stairs to where Mr. Trelawny awaited us, somewhat nervously, standing on the hearthrug, and almost filling the room with his majestic presence.

He looked a little disconcerted at seeing me; but Miss Pembarthy's hand clung to mine so tightly that I dared not leave her. She was trembling also.

In response to Mr. Trelawny's old fashioned bow, Miss Pembarthy made an equally old-fashioned courtesie, bending back and recovering herself with a grace born of long and arduous studies in deportment. They had both of them the grand air which is now so quickly disappearing from among us.

"This young lady is kind enough to be present at our interview, Mr. Trelawny," said Miss Pembarthy, "and to witness my apology for my intrusion this morning—an intrusion which Mr. Trelawny scarcely needs my assurance to be aware was occasioned by my unpardonable forgetfulness."

Mr. Trelawny took her hand and bowed over it with courtly grace. Now that she had broached the subject, his nervousness disappeared.

"Madam," he said, "when you were good enough to enter the pew this morning, I was praying to my Maker that He would give me the courage to inform you of what was in my heart. Will you be good enough to listen to the two courses which present themselves to me, and deign to approve of one of them?"

Miss Pembarthy bowed assent. Mr. Trelawny placed chairs for us both, but himself remained standing.

"It had occurred to me, madam," he said, "that owing to my unpardonable mistake of this morning——"

Miss Pembarthy interrupted him. "Nay, mine," she said.

But Mr. Trelawny was resolute that she should not take the blame upon himself although there was no doubt about it.

"Owing to my unpardonable mistake of this morning," he repeated, "there are but two courses open to me in order to save you pain and distress. One is to go away from here, and never to return; the other,"—he hesitated a moment; but I looked at him encouragingly, and, with another bow, he continued—"the other is, to lay my poor fortunes and unworthy self at your feet."

Miss Pembarthy's sweet eyes shone. She made another stately reverence, and gave him her hand, which he raised tenderly to his lips

"I accept the latter proposal you are good enough to offer me," she said. But human nature was too much for the somewhat frigid atmosphere in which she had been reared.

"Your patient goodness shames me. I am unworthy of so delicate a devotion."

"Nay, madame," he answered; "it is you who have taught me how to live. Will you perfect the lesson by bestowing on me this hand?" and he again raised hers to his lips.

I left the room.

Presently, Miss Pembarthy flattered up stairs to where I awaited her coming. She was greatly agitated.

"He is not loved at all, my dear," she said. "He simply gave up everything to be near me—took a mean little house—lived humbly for my sake; and would have continued to do so all his days, had I not entered his pew this morning. He thought that to propose to me now would be to take advantage of my misfortunes, and nothing else would have made him do it except for the thought that I should be driven away from here by the accident of this morning."

She sank on her knees by the side of her bed, and again I stole away.

* * * * * *

The little house upon the bridge is empty now, for Tregarthen has its own again. I love to linger by the river and fancy that I see Miss Pembarthy's shadow on the blind; but she has gone from out my daily life, and I am left upon the threshold of the great mystery of love until my lover comes to claim me for his own. When my own poor heart is full of doubt or fear, I think upon these autumn lovers and grew strong. Shall I not be faithful also, and endure with patience to the end?

FEMALE SOCIETY.—All men who avoid female society (says Thackeray) have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another.

But, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her daughter Fanny or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the greatest benefits a man can derive from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your minds, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world, and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

When Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1865 it cost 20 cents a bar. It is precisely the same ingredients and quality now and doesn't cost half. Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

At Home and Abroad.

Archduke Ladislaus' death by the accidental discharge of his rifle while hunting adds another to the remarkable list of violent deaths in the reigning house of Austria. The Emperor's brother, Maximilian, was shot in Mexico; his son, Rudolph, heir to the throne, committed suicide; the late Archduke Albrecht's daughter was burned to death. Archduke Johann Salvator has disappeared, and last fall Archduke William was thrown from his horse and killed.

A Florida alligator, six foot long, and a Mississippi alligator, four feet long, both kept in a basin at the public fountain at Anderson, Ind., fought a duel recently. They fought for an hour without injuring each other. At the end of that time the Mississippi reptile failed to dodge a snap made by the other and was fatally wounded. As soon as the Floridian got a taste of blood he dispatched the defeated, and coolly made a meal of him. The alligators left the water of the basin and fought on a wide stone ledge inside the inclosure. They balanced themselves on their tails and, standing upright, charged each other dexterously. A large crowd viewed the fight.

Ex Congressman Ben. Cable, of Illinois, has a little daughter who has the making of a great financier in her. One day her father called her to him. "My dear," he said, "a man this morning offered papa this room full of gold if he would sell little brother. Now, that means gold enough to fill this room wall to wall and from floor to ceiling. If I sell little brother for that sum, I shall be able to buy everything in the world you want. Shall I sell him?" "No, papa," answered the little girl promptly, and then, before her delighted father could embrace her for expressing so much unselfish affection, she went on: "Keep him till he's bigger. He'll be worth more then."

Pigeon Roost, Scott county, Ind., received its name from its being the nightly rendezvous of the passenger or wild pigeon. These pigeons usually selected some heavily wooded or elevated—locality for their roosting, bordering on their feeding-grounds, which might be several hundred miles in extent. The pigeons usually commence to arrive about sunset, and continued in increasing numbers until after midnight. At daybreak the birds would begin to leave the roost, and on swift wing depart for their feeding grounds, miles away, returning at night, as stated. It may safely be said that these birds ranged the forests of Indiana from the Wabash to the Ohio, and extending far into Kentucky. So large were their roosts that they became localities of great interest. None was more famous than the one in Fluley township, Scott county, Ind., hence the name of the settlement early established there, the Pigeon Roost.

Leigh Lynch tells a story which illustrates the hardship of corpulency. He says he was once riding on the Circle Railway in London; this line, as its name implies, travels around and around, describing pretty nearly a perfect circle, whose diameter is, say, ten miles. In the car in which Mr. Lynch sat was an old lady, who expressed solitude lest she be carried by the station at which she desired to stop. As she was indeed elderly, and was, furthermore, very obese, Mr. Lynch felt sorry for the poor old girl, and sought to soothe her by assuring her that her station—Hammersmith—was half an hour away, and that he would tell her when it was reached. "Thank you very much, sir," said the fat lady, "but whenever I gets out, bein' as 'ow I'm so 'eavy, I backs out; an' I ain't more than 'arf way out afore along comes the guard, an' 'ook lively,' an' he pushes me back in again, an' I've been 'round the circle three times this mornin' already, an' I wants to get off at 'Ammersmith!"

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c

Our Young Folks.

BAKER'S DOZEN.

BY C. L. T.

THE Atherton Sunday School treat was to be enjoyed in Atherton Wood. It was just the place, too, for such an outing, for the wood contained a wishing-well, a goblin's cave, for those who cared for such things; and no trap, gin, or pit fall, in any shape, so supposed the good rector, in which the unwary or the adventurous could possibly come to grief.

The rector of Atherton was one of those men—and there are many like-minded—who had no wish to take home broken limbs and a peck of trouble to parents as the outcome of a pleasant excursion. So Atherton Wood was chosen, as the safest of safe places; and, to make safety doubly safe, the youngsters were told off, so many to every teacher.

"As well be in leading strings," said the elder lads, while the big girls shrugged their shoulders in girlish disgust.

"We're not obliged to go; they who don't like the rules can stay away," said the more sensible among them, and quoted the old adage, "Beggars mustn't be choosers;" while the sensible boys said, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth," and voted the thing to be a jolly affair after all, for there were to be an Aunt Sally and no end of juvenile amusements.

"You're in Miss Wilton's batch, Baker; thirteen fall to her share—a baker's dozen, as it should be, you cast in at the last to make up the number," said a wag of a lad to a young hopeful of ten.

"What? what? I go with Miss Wilton's kiddies? No, thank you!" answered Baker, whom sometimes the lads called Rolls; when greatly put out, Hot Rolls, and when inclined to be unpleasant Crusty Bun now came the second of the three.

"Now, Hot Rolls, draw it mild, and be thankful for small mercies among small people."

"Yes, Baker," added another; "no use turning into a hot roll or a crusty one; you're in Miss Wilton's baker's dozen, and there's no help for it. I wish you joy; 'tis an unlucky number in everything, or [illegible] his own dozen," and a chorus of laughter rang out on the sunlit air.

It was the evening before the treat, and all the village children swarming and buzzing like bees.

"Hush! here comes Miss Wilton." So she was, coming down the street; and as if she knew what was in Baker's mind, she came and spoke to him.

"Now comes the tug-of-war," whispered the waggish boys, nudging one another and standing apart.

"You're in my party, Baker," said she.

"Yes 'em," returned Baker, not over-cheerfully she thought.

"You see, the rector parcelled you all out, and you to me; and I hope we shall have a pleasant time." Miss Wilton saw something on Baker's face she could not read, but passed on.

"So you've given your word for it," scoffed the boys, now flocking round him.

"Well, what could I do?—not be rude to a lady."

"No; you'll have to grin and bear it; 'tis what we all have to do in the roughs of life, even when a baker has to make up his own dozen."

With this they parted; and, on the morrow, dawned as fine a morning as any in Christendom, or out of it, the boys said, mustering at the schools; and, singing the cheery old song "We'll mount into the wagon and all take a ride," the cavalcade drove off. Three wagons, packed as closely with children as any hives with bees, the horses' heads decorated with ribbons, a banner floating from the front wagon, the provisions gone on before to the camping ground.

"Oh, jolly! jolly!" said the boys, when not singing nor hurrahing.

Games first, tea after: games again, and then home in the sunsetting—this was the day's programme; and the games began.

"I ain't going to make one of that nest of kids," grumbled Baker to himself, as his party formed a ring for the game "Now we go round the mulberry bush," and skulked silly away, leaving Miss Wilton and her ordinary dozen, and was not missed, like many another from other games and circles.

"Where are you off to?" asked one of the chaffers of the evening before, meeting him.

"I'm going botanising, naturalising generally," said he, with lofty crustiness, as the other remarked afterwards.

"Oh, ay; going to kill the two birds with one stone—stand-offishness and science combined," chaffed Grey, laughed, and was gone, and so was Baker.

He wandered on; he heard some girls and their teacher laughing and tittering by the wishing-well. "What silly geese girls are!" he thought, and peered around for stone, weed, or reptile, to take home as a study. Very like some learned professor of science, head and shoulders above other people, he felt; and then, lo! what was that? "Snakes alive!" Ay, he was right, it was a snake.

Now was the time to prove that he was truly above herding with "kids" at a school treat. The reptile arched itself and curled as if for a spring. In imagination he was in a snake-haunted forest, the snake a huge monster, with the poison of death in its fangs. Ah! here Baker fled for dear life, the bounding thing leaping behind him, a hideous creature—or so his terror told him. On—on, a river glimmered before him, crossing his path; as if instinct told him the dislike snakes have for water, in he plunged, head over heels. Would the monster spring after him? he wondered, battling with the watery element, and aiming at nothing but to cross over.

There, there it was! "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." A huge, dark something came floating toward him on the current of the stream—an alligator. Terrified, he thought he saw the huge jaws open; once those teeth went smack, all would be over with him; an alligator never made two bites at a cherry. A snake, an alligator—what would come upon him next?

He gained the bank and scrambled up, that terrible mouth still open behind him; the great scaly, webby feet would no doubt pad, pad after him. He had heard it said that one must turn and wind, and turn again, with an alligator at one's heels; and so he did, with no thought that his alligator was only the floating trunk of a tree in the water. No thought had he of anything till he found himself tearing through a gipsy camp, falling head over heels into a huge pot, in which they were just preparing a savory dinner—at least, his heels went in—and down he fell, still-[illegible] alligator behind him.

[illegible] you to spoil our dinner so!" cried the men, and closed round him like so many hornets. But a woman went a step farther.

"I'll warm him, the little dear, for he must be cold after wetting his dainty feet in the pot," she cried; and so she did, with a big stick. Baker, neither Hot Rolls, nor Crusty, in her hands, but just a lump of yielding dough, in his terror and pain.

"His clothes are very wet—he'll catch his death of cold from them. We'll save him from that," said the man, and whisked them off him, as if undressing a baby.

Now a grinning urchin, of about his own age, kindly took off his own rags, and so made an exchange, he was donning Baker's wet holiday suit, and Baker—well, some say "Exchange is no robbery;" if it were, he was glad of the other cast-off rags to cover him—he put them on, and then they drove him away; nay, he was glad to go, even in that guise—a poor little outcast who scarcely knew himself. Not far had he gone when a policeman met him.

"Ah! where are you off to in them rags?" he asked, eyeing him.

"Please, I'm one of the school treat in the woods," he faltered.

"You're a pretty chap to take part in a school treat. Now what's up?" he asked, as the boy began to cry.

So then out came the whole story—of his not choosing to play with the kids, his science rambles, the snake, the alligator, the gypsies—it was all told.

"Well, you are a nice little muff, you are!" laughed the policeman; still he pitied him, poor, shivery, shaky, ragged "There, I'll take you back to your party—it must be about mustering-time."

"Mustering-time?"

"Ay, time to be getting home; see that!" "That" was a big, red, laughing eye, spying at them, low down among the branches of the trees—it was the sun setting fast.

So this was to be the end of the outing, to go home tearless, covered with rags, and, worst of all, to meet his merry companions. And meet them he did; but, thanks to the rector, who took off his own coat and wrapped him in it, for he was cold, squeezed himself in, to ride home with him in one of the wagons, feeding him with cake all the time—thanks to all this, and a whispered word in their ears by that good man, the roasting he got from the boys was bearable. Still, that treat was chronicled amongst them as the one when Baker shirked out of his own dozen and came to grief.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by too free use of the eyesight, reading small print and doing fine sewing.

In attempting these things it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight on a very cloudy day.

Never sleep so that on waking the eyes shall open on the light of the window.

Do not use the eyes by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light of a window or door.

It is best to have light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Too much light creates a glare and pain, and confuses the sight.

The moment that you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment stop and talk, walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth is green, it would seem that the ceiling should be of a bluish tinge, the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment that you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking, do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger, and then wash your eyes and face with warm water.

JUDGMENT, ACTIVITY.—In business life two things are essential to success—first, sound judgment; second, activity.

In all departments we find a greater deficiency in judgment than in other requisites. Long familiarity in a given department does not necessarily produce it, though this will undoubtedly aid and strengthen it.

Only by reliance on oneself, and feeling individually responsible for the results of action founded on one's own efforts, can the fact be established of good or bad judgment.

Men who have the capacity to comprehend the whole question presented—on them, to properly weigh not only the side of success, but of failure, and who understand the importance of right thinking, are the ones who succeed, and, whether they get credit for having good judgment or not, they certainly exercise it.

GOOD CONVERSATION.—Good conversation is flowing and natural. It is neither heavy nor frivolous; it is learned without pedantry, lively without noise, polished without equivocation; it is made up neither of lectures nor epigrams.

Those who really converse reason without arguing, joke without punning, skilfully unite wit and reason, maxims and sallies, ingenious raillery and severe morality.

They speak of everything in order that every one may have something to say; they do not investigate too closely for fear of wearying; questions are introduced as if by-the-bye and are treated with rapidity. Precision leads to elegance, each one giving his opinion and supporting it with few words.

No one attacks wantonly another's opinion, no one supports his own obstinately. All discuss in order to enlighten themselves, and leave off when dispute would begin; everyone gains information, every one recreates himself, and all go away contented; nay, the sage himself may carry away from what he has heard matter worthy of meditation.

ROSY CHEEKS.—The simple practice of washing with cold soft water and rubbing the cheeks briskly with a rough towel as a daily habit will do more to produce rosy cheeks than the best artificial inventions. Not only may a natural bloom be thus secured, but the fulness of the cheek is sustained by the healthy flow of blood which feeds its muscular structure. The muscles of the cheeks have very little action; they therefore become flabby and sunken at an early age in persons whose habits of life are such as to maintain little energy in the general system. The simple friction of the cheeks do much to satisfy fair readers who may take the hint.

People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling, and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Maine has sent to market 4,000,000 lobsters this season.

In Switzerland a society has long been formed for the preservation of wild flowers.

A New Haven clock company has just booked a single Western order for 100,000 alarm clocks.

Two miners have found gold in the city of Athens, Ga. The digging for gold in the city limits has caused a good deal of excitement in Athens.

Most European nations average for the male five feet six inches; but the Austrians, Spaniards and Portuguese just fall short of this standard.

Professor F. G. Plummer, of Tacoma, Wash., is authority for the statement that there are hundreds of trees in that vicinity upwards of 700 feet in height.

In Holland and Belgium to kill a stork is considered one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man. Ill luck is certain to follow him through life.

The clock of Emperor William Memorial Church, just opened, is the largest in Berlin, the dials being about thirty feet in diameter, and the long hand about ten feet in length.

Authentic dates in China begin with the year B. C. 2277; the lively imaginations of the early historians, however, carry back Chinese chronology for many hundreds of thousands of years.

King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, is to-day the only monarch who occasionally dons his crown. His Majesty wears it every time he faces the Parliament of either of his two Kingdoms.

A treatise on natural history was forbidden in Turkey because in its chapter on star-fish it was supposed to contain some occult allusion to the Sultan's palace, which is named "The Star."

Recent investigations by the French Ministry of War have shown that in case of a siege of Paris, there would not be half enough mills and millers within the fortifications to grind the grain needed by the inhabitants.

It is a singular coincidence that in South Dakota a week or so ago it was necessary to close the schools on account of the intense heat, and two days later they were closed again because of the excessive cold.

A monster chain, 40 kilometers (25 miles) long, is being made for Germany at the Wattelar Works, Jurnet, Belgium, the total [illegible] or a whole train, will be required for the carriage.

There is said to be a scarcity of Cuban cedar for cigar boxes since the outbreak of the revolution in that country. A good substitute, and one often used, however, is cumber wood, which is dyed to the popular color.

It has been estimated that about 500,000 bicycles have been sold this year; and, judging from the popularity of the wheel, the year 1896 will see nearly a million more bicycles sold by our manufacturers and dealers. It is the general opinion that prices in 1896 will remain the same as in 1895.

A writer who has been studying the habit of bluejays, finds that they make war on and get the better of the English sparrows. The sparrows, however, join other small birds in common cause against them, and it is not uncommon to see a jay in screaming flight, with a score or more of small birds pursuing him.

A novel feat was performed at the Diamond Ice Company's works in Newport, R. I. A plate of ice was stood on edge just as it was taken out of the tank, and behind this half a dozen persons took their positions, while on the other side a photographer posed his camera. The features could be seen distinctly through the ice.

The Rev. John Jenkins, of Charleston, the colored minister who took fourteen little negro orphans to Europe to raise money for his orphanage, has come to grief. The London police will not allow the boys to sing either in halls or in the streets, as they are under eleven years of age. It is reported that the party is destitute.

A Shackleton, Conn., farmer set a bear trap for the man who was stealing his garden fruit and caught him. Aroused by his cries in the middle of the night, he was surprised to find the man was a neighbor. The farmer yielded to the fellow's plea for mercy, accepted his promise of payment for damages and let him go.

A felt hat is now made by a pneumatic process. A conical cup perforated with holes is provided. The air beneath is exhausted, while by a curious device the felt is forced evenly to all parts of the outside of the receiver, and, by the strong pressure and rush of air, is thrown upon the frame and distributed, thus forming the basis of the hat.

The French Minister of War has sent a circular to military commanders of districts and to Prefects to have a sharp lookout kept on strange pigeons, and to send all that may be taken to the military pigeon depots. The birds are to be kept until it be ascertained whether or not the stamps on their wings were made with the intention of hiding the localities to which they belong.

FORGIVE.

BY T. A. C.

Wait not the morrow, but forgive me now;
Who knows what fate to-morrow's dawn may bring?
Let us not part with shadow on thy brow,
With my heart hungering.

Wait not the morrow, but entwine thy hand
In mine, with sweet forgiveness full and free.
Of all life's joys I only understand
This joy of loving thee.

Perhaps some day I may redeem the wrong,
Repair the fault—I know not when or how,
O, dearest, do not wait—it may be long—
Only forgive me now.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

Among the curiosities of advertising may surely be placed the first advertisement of the first steamer that plied for hire in Great Britain—namely, Henry Bell's "Comet." Thus ran the advertisement in the "Glasgow Courier" of 1812:

"Steam Passage Boat, the 'Comet,' between Glasgow, Greenock and Helensburgh. For passengers only. The subscriber having at much expense fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the river Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the Power of Wind, Air, and Steam, he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays about Mid-day, or at any such time thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide, and leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in the morning to suit the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety, and speed of this vessel require only to be proved to meet the approbation of the Public; and the Proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are for the present—4 shillings for the best cabin and 3 shillings for the second; but beyond these rates nothing is to be allowed to servants or any other person employed about the vessel."

What would poor neglected Henry Bell have said could he have seen his humble little "Comet," of whose elegance, comfort, and speed he was so proud, alongside a modern Cunarder or one of the latest palatial river-steamers, all so well advertised?

In these days of anti-sweating, living-wage, and short-hour movements, it is well to recall that slavery was not confined to America and the West Indies. In a now extinct Edinburgh newspaper of February 1740, we find the following advertisement: "In August last a Negro ran away from Denen, belonging to Captain William Jones of the St. David of London. He was spoke with at Dalkeith on Wednesday the 20th instant. Any person who can apprehend him shall have a Guinea of reward and all charges paid." Only a guinea for recovering the corpus of such a piece of property!

Another advertiser somewhat later (1773) in the same paper is more liberal. He announced: "Ran off a white Negro man who passes by the name of William Northumberland, the property of a gentleman lately from South Carolina. . . . He is supposed to have gone to Leith, in order to secure a passage for London, and will probably offer to work his passage. . . . It is therefore requested that no gentleman will take him into his service, nor no captain of vessels or others will take him on board their ships. Reward of Two Guineas for his apprehension." Who, by the way, ever heard of a white negro man?

The Lord Mayor's show is still a popular spectacle, in spite of Progressivism; but it was so popular a hundred and fifty years ago that people were even ready to listen to lectures about it. Here is the advertisement of one of these lectures of the year 1730: "At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields near Clare Market, this day, being Wednesday, at six of the clock in the Evening, will be a new Riding upon an old Cavalcade, entitled, 'The City in its Glory; or my Lord Mayor's Show;' Explaining to all capacities the wonderful Procession so much envy'd in Foreign Parts and nois'd at Paris: on my Lord Mayor's Day: the fine appearance and splendor of the Companies of Trade: Bear and Chain: the Trumpets, Drums, and Cries intermixed: the qualifications of my Lord' Horse, the whole Art and History of the City Ladies and Beaus at the Gape-stare in the Balconies: the Airs, Dress, and Motions: the Two Giants walking out to keep Holiday: like Snails over a Cabbage, says an old author, they all crept along: admir'd by their Wives and huzzaed by the Throng."

This advertiser seems to have had something of the talent which made the late P. T. Barnum famous. Barnum was the Prince of Advertisers, and floated his Fiji Mermaid so persistently as head-lines before an incredulous public, that they were compelled to go to see her. And doesn't everybody know how the "moral" qualities of his Exhibition were made capital of by poor Artemus Ward?

The law's expense is not less proverbial than the law's delay, but, according to standing announcements in the daily—particularly the evening—papers, the expense is trifling. See this: "Law Advice, 1s. till 9. Courts attended, Deeds prepared, Debts recovered, Aliments, Damages, Divorces, Separations.—No. — —— Street." Advice for a shilling is surely cheap enough; but what about the cost of preparing deeds? Those who contemplate having recourse to a shilling lawyer—for even less serious matters than "Divorces and Separations"—would do well to consider the same advice may be dear at any price.

There are queer animals in the world as well as queer folks, but surely the horse referred to in this is a phenomenon: "For Sale, brown mare; would suit coal lorry; goes to bed every night; cheap. Great Western Station."

From one point of view, a horse that goes to bed every night would be cheap at any price, because it would make such a splendid show. But then if it runs in a coal-cart, the laundry bill must be excessively heavy—and few households could provide a bedstead large enough. Nothing is said about a night-cap or foot-warmer for this remarkable animal, whose exemplary conduct outshines that of the man who "always comes home to tea!"

The advertising sheet is the reflex of the social as well as the industrial life of a people. It is a record of sorrows as well as of joys; of tragedy as well as of frivolity—it is, in short, not an epitome of human nature, but human nature writ very large.

Grains of Gold.

Wisdom can live on what fools trample under foot.

A wrong desire overcome, is a temptation resisted.

It is as wrong to think wrong as it is to do wrong.

Ignorance is less removed from the truth than prejudice.

A mistake will attract attention to us when a virtue wouldn't.

Waste of time is the most extravagant and costly of all experiences.

Life will depend largely upon what we do with leisure moments.

Wrong principles are as wrong in politics as they are in religion.

The man who does not improve his talent will be sure to misjudge his master.

The virtue of the soul does not consist in flying high, but walking orderly.

Somehow people who would have done thus and so if they had been there, never get there.

The man is traveling in the wrong direction who thinks money can make him happy.

It is not the place nor the condition, but the mind alone that can make any one happy or miserable!

Femininities.

Never tell the old maid that she is living in an advanced age.

Madame Patti's earnings on the stage are said to have amounted to $5,000,000.

Tell a woman she doesn't look well and you have furnished a topic of conversation to last an hour.

Conductor in a crowded street car: "Room in the rear of the car for one lady or two gentlemen."

Beloit college has thrown open its door to women. Thirty-three girls entered with this year's freshman class.

A patient and perservering woman of Ransom, Mich., is said to have made a patchwork quilt containing 17,000 pieces of cloth.

Beauties generally die old maids. They set such a value on themselves, that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed.

Blobbs: "Softleigh was very much taken with that blonde widow, wasn't he?" Slobbs: "Yes; they were photographed together several times."

A young gentleman lately advertised for a wife through the papers, and got answers from eighteen husbands, stating that he could have theirs.

According to a report a Saco, Me., Judge has ruled that a man who has paid his way into a base ball ground can sit anywhere he likes, even on the home plate.

Doctor: "Countess, I should be glad if you would let me hear you cough." Countess: "I don't feel disposed to do so just now. (To her maid)—Eliza, please cough as I did this morning."

In England and Scotland milkmaids believe that if they forget to wash their hands after milking their cows will go dry. The superstition is diligently fostered by the owners of the cows.

Little boy: "Tommy Wing's mother is awful good and kind to him." Mamma: "What has she done that is so thoughtful?" Little boy: "Let him have measles just the day school began."

Gladys: "The new boarder is perfectly horrid; he kissed me in the dark last night." Nadia: "I shouldn't have minded that." Gladys: "Of course not; but then he begged my pardon, and said he mistook me for his wife."

"Jennie," said little Mabel to her big sister at breakfast, "did you tell papa?" "Tell papa what?" asked Jennie. "Why, you told Mr. Buster last night if he did it again you'd tell ——— did it again. I sor him!" And then papa looked at Jennie over his glasses.

An English publication that reports much court gossip says: "The Queen's condition of health is not satisfactory. For some time she has had to be supported when moving about, and she now has to be lifted everywhere. Although she struggles against the rheumatic pains which rack her joints, it is not difficult to see that her depression is most marked."

A Miss Kerr, of Cunninghamhead, Kilmarnock, Scotland, met death under peculiar circumstances recently. While arranging flowers a wasp stung her on the neck. She pulled out the sting and applied ammonia. Notwithstanding these precautions her neck and face swelled and breathing became difficult. Faintness supervened, and the young lady passed away within 15 minutes.

Angelina: "And you won't forget to buy a tin of cocoatina." Edwin ties a knot in his pocket handkerchief. Angelina: "And you won't forget to call and see dear mamma." Edwin ties another knot in his pocket handkerchief. Angelina: "And, oh, Edwin, dear, you won't forget to think sometimes of your poor little wife, left all alone for the day!" Edwin ties a third knot in his pocket handkerchief.

A woman at Old Orchard, Me., has succeeded in making quite a pet of a hummingbird. The little creature has become perfectly domesticated, and has been allowed to fly in and out of the house at pleasure by a window that has purposely been left open for it. It is a household pet. By night it perches on a piece of clothes line strung in the kitchen, and on rainy days flutters about among the plants and flowers in the house.

One of the curiosities of the cable code method of sending information is shown in a recent message announcing the loss by fire of a ship at sea. The whole message was conveyed in three words of Scott's cable code: "Smouldered, hurrah! hallelujah!" "Smouldered" stands for "the ship has been destroyed by fire;" "hurrah" for "crew saved by boats," and "hallelujah" for "all hands saved—inform wives and sweethearts."

Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, who will make Washington her permanent place of residence, has experienced considerable difficulty in securing a mansion that suits her in every respect. She has at last decided to take the large and imposing house built by ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, and occupied by him, until he retired from the upper branch of Congress. It is said that Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris will make her home with her mother for the present.

Masculinities.

A lazy man never believes that his pay is high enough.

A bad man most hates the things that would do him most good.

William Rush, of Wishart, Mo., is in jail for eating a cake at a church fair and refusing to pay for it.

When the first baby is about a year old, almost all the money in the house may be found in the baby's bank.

It is the better half that doesn't know as much about how the other half lives as she would like to know.

It is said that Gustav Jovanovitch, a cattle king in Russia, has 35,000 shepherd dogs to look after 1,500,000 sheep.

Miss Secondseason: "Miss Shapeleigh is just coming out to-night." Old Hardscrabble, gazing at her gown: "So I observe."

In Wales it is believed that, if any one kills a wren, he will fall down and break a bone before the end of the year.

Many of the men who make bad husbands were the kind of lovers who would have killed themselves if their girls had refused them.

The first colored man to work on a street car in Detroit was recently appointed motorman on one of the trolley cars running on the principal route in that city.

You can always distinguish your friends from your enemies by observing that the former agree with you when you say harsh things about yourself.

Mrs. Sweet: "Do you find it economical to do your own cooking?" Mrs. Bursem: "Oh, yes. My husband doesn't eat half as much as when we had a cook."

In Norway the horses are broken in by women. They make pets of them first, feeding the colts out of their own hands, and teaching them to follow like dogs.

Old age seizes an ill-spent youth like fire upon a rotten house. It was rotten before, and must have fallen of itself, so that it is only one ruin anticipating another.

There are twenty-one persons in Monterey county, Cal., who own more than 9000 acres of land each. There are several estates of 50,000 and 40,000 acres in that county.

Dr. Adam Clarke, even when a boy, had a memory so phenomenal that after hearing a sermon lasting an hour he could go home and repeat the whole verbatim, imitating the manner, voice and gestures of the preacher.

For everything that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet; he has a fine Geneva watch but can not tell the hour by the sun.

G. W. G. Ferris, the celebrated engineer, will exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition an exact miniature of the World's Fair. The scale of the production is one inch to twelve feet, and every feature of the dazzling White City will be reproduced.

Watts: "Do you think it does any good to belong to so many lodges?" Potts: "Well, when I went over to Europe I used to add the initials of all of them to my name when I registered at a hotel, and got all sorts of deference from clerks and waiters."

Some ingenious rogues in Calcutta and Bombay purchase favorite brands of liquor in the original packages. They remove the good liquor without touching the cork or the capsule, and substitute vile stuff. This is done by drilling a hole in the bottom of the bottle.

A recent very young and much indulged bride had twenty-six bridesmaids to attend her. Not all stood at the altar, ten occupying front pews: but the procession of young women preceded her entrance, and sixteen surrounded her through the ceremony.

John Tyler, the son of President Tyler, is now living in Georgetown in greatly reduced circumstances. Mr. Tyler is more than 70 years old, and has served in two armies, having equipped a regiment for the war with Mexico and having enlisted on the Confederate side during the Civil War.

Chummy: "What would you think of a man that always went round talking to himself." Gruffly: "I should say if he did it to listen to himself he was a fool; if he did it to avoid listening to his friends he was a genius, and if he did it to save his friends from listening to him he was a philanthropist."

A cooper, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bung hole.

In a village smithy in the North of Aberdeenshire a few worthies had forgathered, and the discussion on "A man loving his second wife" was touched upon. "Nyod Smith," said Hillies, "you sud be weel able to gie an opinion on that subject. Ye've haen fower wives. Which o' them a' did ye like best?" "Weel, Hillies, I ha'e nae qualms o' conscience in answerin' that question. I aye liket the livin ane best."

Latest Fashion Phases.

An autumn frock is of a mixed brown and dull red wool, trimmed with a fancy cashmere silk in dull colors. There is a yoke of silk and wide scarf ends of it pass over the shoulders, lying flat over the back. The silk scarfs knot at the waist line and fall, sash fashion, down on the skirt on each side of the back godets. The front of the waist is a half bodice of the wool, rounded a trifle below the waist line, and gathered on the bust to meet the yoke in open box plaits. The lower part of the sleeve is a close cuff of the silk pushed up on the arm in a deep point.

The first autumn dresses brought over from Paris and London have fuller skirts and even larger sleeves than those now worn. The skirts are gored rather closely about the hips, but are very full in the back and wide at the foot. They are lined and interlined, but fortunately are of light-weight woolens, and are very little trimmed. A bias satin fold and inch wide headed with a narrow band of jet is around the foot of very handsome cloth gowns. Others have merely a fold of the wool, camel's hair or basket cloth below the edge, between the outside and lining, and held there by three or four rows of stitching, which give a neat finish. Three back gores, pointed at the top and spreading out in fan plaits to the foot, are on many skirts, some of them completed by the little projecting basque introduced in the spring with silk gowns.

Belts and girdles still have a prominent place and will be of every quality and description, and as jeweling is to come to the front again the buckles become a very important piece of the dress. Both for state occasions and street wear they are shown in silver, gold, jet and jeweled. Even those with imitation stones are quite expensive. They are broad and flat, long and oval, narrow and deep, and of fancy shapes in all conventional designs.

The new French blouses are more fascinating than ever. One of the newest and prettiest is made of white chiffon. The bodice is accordion-plaited from neck to waist, where it is belted in, allowing enough fulness to give the slightly overlapping effect which seems now to be essential. The short puff sleeves are made of a brilliant shade of pink [illegible] collar, belt and shoulder straps. These straps, starting from the shoulder seam, next the sleeve, run half way toward the centre of the waist, and are finished with rosettes. On the outside of this ribbon are sewed deep ruffles of the lace coming to a point at the rosettes, thus giving the effect of a decollete fichu.

Another blouse has three white satin box plaits over the accordion-plaited chiffon, covered with lace; and another has one box plait in the centre, with jabots of lace sewed to fit on either side. Dresden ribbon instead of the box plaits has a very pretty effect, or jewelled bands of guipure or passementerie. Tucked bands in front of cambric with butter colored Valenciennes edging, are also worn.

The chances are that the fancy or extra blouse will continue in favor for some time yet, but not for dressy occasions. They have proved too useful to be discarded without a struggle.

The greatest novelty that the autumn brings us is the revival of the pointed waist or basque. They have appeared in so many of the new gowns that they may be accepted as a fact. Indeed, if we consider the importance of the Marie Antionette modes in the fashions of to day, the substituting of the tightly-fitting pointed waist for the blouse that has reigned so long is not surprising,—is, in fact, only the natural accompaniment of the fichu, the flat shoulder seams and the puffed elbow sleeves.

The Russian belting of a year or so ago is coming back to us, and is in silver and gold and also a mixture of both. Such belts, with buckles of the same metal, studded with stones to match the coloring of the gown, are very elegant and becoming. Of course, the silver buckle is the most useful and is always the right thing except for full dress.

A smart jacket of navy blue is a rough cloth and the rolling collar and double row of buttons that fasten the loose front are of astrachan. Each of the three seams in the top of the full sleeves and every seam in the jacket is outlined by a narrow row of deep red satin ribbon covered with black passementerie. It makes a very smart garment.

A charming gown is of a rough green cloth showing the usual flaring untrimmed skirt. The waist was a jacket bodice turning away in double revers, the first and lower revers being of black satin and the upper one of white satin covered with yellow lace figures. The collar has a band of the lace mounted on white satin, with a turnover collar of the green cloth over it. The vest is very pretty and unique. It is of satin ribbon, the first row being lavender, and the two middle strips that close the vest of white ribbon edged with yellow lace, and frilled to form a jabot under the chin.

Crepons will be worn all during the season, but have not the very heavy curve fancied in the past. Light-weight cloths with a smooth surface bid fair to be popular, and as they drape easily, the extreme tailor effect is not dedicated to them as it was a few seasons ago. The silk and wool mixtures in two colors are liked for street wear, but can scarcely be cited as new. Soft woolen suitings in the blue and green plaids obtain, and really make very smart-looking street dresses, provided, of course that the wearer has a tall, slender figure.

Another novelty is shown by the new models—the godet hip pieces on the skirt. Sometimes they are plaited and stand out smartly over the hips, giving a very bouffant effect, with the point of the basque between. In other cases, especially in thick stuffs, they are simply shaped over a muslin lining, flaring just a bit over the dress skirt. The majority of these hip pieces, when plain, are about eight inches wide and five deep. In material they generally match the sleeves.

As the pretty lawns and linens are laid aside, so must the many yards of narrow ribbons that have fluttered with bewitching grace all summer go with them, fashion says. Still we may have ribbons, but ribbons much wider, even seven inches in width. They are made into rosettes and chou bows, as heretofore, but of very much larger proportions. The loops are longer and are crushed together.

Many of the gowns for young people will be made of gauzy fabrics. Some of them have the deepest crinkles and some have broad stripes of creped effects upon smooth gauze. Others have embroidered spots upon the thin surface. Yellow seems to be the favorite shade. Persian colorings and the Dresden flannel effects are also seen. Some are tucked and many have iridescent shades. These are [illegible] them.

In materials for dressy costumes fancy velvets are the best liked. The Oriental and cashmere designs in soft, dull tones will be very much used. Then there are exquisite plaids of satin and velvet combined that are to be used to excellent effect. Indeed, the combination of satin and velvet in one piece is one of the season's happiest novelties. Among these are velvet stripes on a satin ground, or satin dots or scrolls stamped on velvet.

There are some important changes to be noted in the autumn modes, and the winter promises to bring an even more radical departure from the fashions that have been in vogue the last two seasons. The charming Louis XIV coats of brocaded silks and satins will be worn, although the day of their greatest popularity has passed in Paris. But they are so very charming, with their full skirts, flaring, turn-over cuffs and flat pocket pieces elaborately ornamented with diamond buttons, and the elaborate mull front and tour de cou are so becoming that many will choose them for dressy occasions.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

To remove offending hairs, take equal parts of chloroform and aconite and moisten the spots; with a pair of tweezers the offending hairs can be removed without a particle of pain, and with no redness to speak of.

Redness of the nose, due to congestion, inflamed complexion, scrofulous and bilious tendencies, are said to be materially influenced by a liberal consumption of peaches.

Women whose faces have a growth of down should avoid the use of borax, as it is very drying to the skin.

Peroxide of hydrogen rubbed on the face two or three times a day for ten days will free the skin of any discoloration.

To stimulate the skin, use cologne, English lavender or violet water.

A mother who had nearly broken her back in stooping to bathe her baby, bought not long ago a well-made pine table of medium size, containing a good-sized drawer. She had the legs cut down so that the table stood about twelve inches high, and white porcelain castors fastened to each leg. The table was first painted with common white paint and then with white enamel: and the drawer divided into compartments. Such a table provides a convenient and safe support for a bath tub, and, with a chair proportioned to its height, the bath may be given while seated. All the necessaries for the bath, powder, brushes, soaps, dry sponges, may be kept in the drawer, thus saving many a step.

A piece of chalk will soften hard spring water.

When using capers it is well to know how to choose them. The smallest are the best, and they should be of a dark green color; if blackish and soft, they are stale and old, while if too bright a green something injurious has probably been used in the pickling process to enhance the color.

Two or three cloves cooked in the tomato sauce and removed before serving add a pleasant flavor.

A rose geranium leaf dropped in each tumbler of apple jelly is said by a good housekeeper to impart a peculiarly delicious flavor. It is true that Westerners have by no means achieved the art of utilizing flower life in their sweetmeats. As prepared in the Orient these concoctions are most delicious. The Armenian women and their neighbors, but not friends, the Turkish wives, excel in the compounding of such confections.

Lemons may be kept well by placing them in cold water that is frequently changed. It makes them more juicy.

No articles in kitchen use are so likely to be neglected and abused as the dish cloths and dish towels. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in the water in which these cloths are, or should be, washed every day. Rub soap on the towels, put them in the water, then rub them out; rinse; dry out doors. Dish cloths and towels need not look gray and dingy—a perpetual discomfort to all housekeepers.

Cold storage for clothes is the latest novelty in the big down-town refrigerators in the New York dry-goods district. The idea is to get rid of the moths.

The best way to set the dye of black lisle-thread hose is to put a couple of good pinches of common salt in the washing water.

If a remedy is wanted to produce immediate and wonderful effects in whitening the skin, use tar and olive oil heated to getber and cooled. Use upon the face when going to bed with a mask of thin old linen or muslin put on to prevent coming off—further protecting the pillows by an old sheet thrown over them. In the morning a bath of white castile soap and water brings the face out pure and softly tinted as a child's. This is not only the best, but one of the most harmless and cheapest preparations that can be procured.

A few drops of tincture of myrrh in a tumbler of water makes a good purifying wash for the mouth and throat for occasional use.

To improve starch add a tablespoonful of epsom salts and dissolve in the usual way by boiling. Articles starched with this will be stiffer, and rendered, to a certain extent, fireproof.

When the hair is dry and brittle with a tendency to fall out, an English restorative is a simple one of a free application of pure cocoanut oil with daily brushing. This treatment continued for a few weeks—six perhaps—will, it is said, accomplish the best results. Masseurs use the cocoa butter in their treatment, deeming it one of the most strengthening of oils.

Somebody with a right to do it, a sanitary authority of recognized skill, has been turning his attention to certain weak points in furniture. Among other things he wonders why large wardrobes, bookcases and other similar pieces are finished with a cornice standing up all around the top, leaving a wide pit for dust, which is never seen and cannot be swept. He sensibly advocates that the top should be made level, or better still, sloping, and with no raised ledge above it. If one begins to look out the defects in such things, plenty will be found, and the marvel will be that patient acceptance of them has so long existed.

An old housekeeper says the way to exterminate red ants in a cupboard is to place in it an earthen dish containing a pint of tar, on which two quarts of hot water has been poured.

If you will dip your broom in clean, hot suds once a week, then shake it until it is almost dry, then hang it up or stand it with the handle down, it will last twice as long as it would without this operation.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

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Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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OF PAPER.

ONE of the most remarkable features of modern times is the enormous increase in the consumption of paper. It has been said that the stage of civilization at which any nation has arrived may be gauged, with some degree of accuracy, by its consumption of soap; and whatever truth there may be in this, the same may, with perfect justice, be said of paper.

And not only in its primary, and, so to speak, legitimate, use for literary purposes—writing and printing—does this hold good, but also in the multiplicity of various minor ways in which paper is turned to account. Of late years, indeed, paper has begun to occupy a unique position in the industrial world as a plastic and adaptable material eminently suited, after undergoing various manipulative processes, for a vast and ever-increasing multitude of uses.

When the world was young, in the infancy of literature, men committed their rude writings to the rough-and-ready materials provided by nature, which needed little or no preparatory processes.

The bark and leaves of trees, hides already prepared for domestic use, fragments of pottery, sufficed in primitive ages.

The Greek and Romans advanced to tablets covered with wax, but by-and-by the advancing needs of literature and commerce were served by papyrus, with which Egypt for centuries supplied that circumscribed portion of the world which was so far advanced as to require stores of writing materials.

There is no evidence that papyrus was grown for commercial purposes outside of Egypt during the whole Roman period, and the industry of its growth and manufacture must have been a large and profitable one.

In the time of Tiberius a sedition was nearly caused by a scarcity of paper, and a rebellious paper-maker, in the days of Aurelian, boasted that he could equip an army from the profits of his business—and did it too.

Parchment was invented by the Greeks when papyrus was scarce, and the Middle Ages re-invented it. There is evidence that linen rags were used in paper-making as early as the eighth and ninth centuries. In paper of that period the more was chiefly linen, with traces of cotton, hemp, and other fibres.

The known specimens are of Oriental origin, and appear to have been dyed, like modern papers, the material used being a starch paste manufactured from wheat.

The oldest MS. written on cotton paper in England is in the British Museum, and dates from 1049 A. D., and the oldest on the same material in the Paris National Library is dated 1050.

In 1085 the Christian successors of the Spanish Saracens made paper of rags instead of raw cotton, which had been formerly employed.

Nowadays very little paper is made from the good old linen rags which used to suffice for the greater part of the manufacture. Bank of England notes are made from the best linen—not, however, in the form of rags, but quite new and unused.

The finest handmade papers, used almost entirely for the production of "editions de luxe" and similar high class book work, and some finer kinds of writing papers, are all that are now made from rags.

The supply of this form of raw material would now, in fact, be utterly inadequate to meet the ever-increasing demands of consumption. But fortunately—in one sense—for literature, and the other paper-using departments of modern life, there is no lack of raw material: less perfect, it is true, but still suitable enough to fill the gap.

With the ever-increasing demand, new substances, strange enough some of them, which would have been looked on in the old-fashionable days of the paper trade as utterly impracticable and ridiculously impossible, have been brought into requisition.

The changed conditions have necessitated a much more extended and intimate application of chemical science. Without its aid advance would have been impossible, and a state of matters might have ensued too terrible to contemplate.

As a matter of practical experience, paper can be manufactured out of almost anything that can be pounded into pulp. It is said that over fifty kinds of bark are now used, and among other matters which have been found applicable are banana skins, bean-stalks, pea-vines, cocoanut fibre, clover, timothy hay, straw, sea and fresh-water weeds, and numerous grasses. The incongruous list may be further swelled by hair, fur, wool, asbestos—which furnishes an article indestructible by fire—hop-plants, and husks of every kind of grain.

Leaves make good strong paper; the husks and stems of Indian corn have been tried; and almost every kind of moss can be utilized. There are patents for making paper from sawdust and shavings, from thistles and thistledown, from tobacco-stalks and tan bark.

Nothing apparently comes amiss to the pulping mill, though naturally vegetable fibres are most easily workable and yield the best results. The most largely used of the newer, though comparatively legitimate raw materials, are esparto grass and wood pulp.

As an interesting experiment, the proprietors of an important newspaper recently undertook to show in how short a time the whole process of paper-making and printing could be accomplished. The undertaking started with a poplar tree in its natural situation in the forest, and the problem was to have it converted into pulp and paper, and sold in the streets as a printed journal, in the shortest possible time.

To chop and strip the necessary quantity of wood and load it in a boat took three hours; manufacturing the pulp occupied twelve hours; making the pulp into paper took five hours; transporting the manufactured paper to the newspaper office, eighty minutes; while to finish up with, on the paper thus produced at utmost speed, one thousand copies of the journal were printed in ten minutes, making in all for the whole process, from inception to completion, just twenty-two hours.

AN IRISH LEGEND.—The Devil and the hearth-money collector for Bantry set out one summer morning to decide a bet they had made the night before over a jug of punch. They wanted to see which would have the best lead at sunset, and neither was to pick up anything that wasn't offered with the good will of the giver. They passed by a house, and they heard the poor vanithee cry out to her lazy daughter:

"Oh musha, evil take you, a lazy stronsuch of a girl! do you intend to get up to day?"

"Oh, oh!" says the taxman, "there's a job for you, Nick."

"Ovoch!" said the other, "it wasn't from her heart she said it; we must pass on."

The next cabin they were passing, the woman was on the bawn ditch crying out to her husband, that was mending one of his brogues inside:

"Oh, tattheration to you, Mich, you never rung them pigs, and there they are in the potato drills rootin' away; the evil run to Lusk with them!"

"Another windfall for you," says the man of the inkhorn; but the old thief only shook his horns and wagged his tail.

So they went on, and ever so many prizes offered to the black fellow without his taking one. Here it was a gossoon playing marbles when he should be using his clappers in the corn-field; and there it was a lazy drone of a servant asleep, with his face to the sod, when he ought to be weeding. No one thought of offering the hearth-money man even a drink of buttermilk, and at last the sun was within half a foot of the edge of Coollagh. They were just then passing through Monamolin, and a poor woman that was straining her supper in a skeeoge outside the cabin door, seeing the two standing at the bawn-gate, bawled out:

"Oh, here's the heart-money man—evil run away wid 'im!"

"Got a bite at last," said Nick.

"Oh no, no! it wasn't from her heart she said it," says the collector.

"Indeed, an' it was from the very foundation-stone of her heart it came. No help for misfortunes. In with you," says he, opening the mouth of his big black bag, and whether the devil was ever after seen taking the same walk or not, no one ever laid eyes on his fellow-traveler again.

UNRECORDED HISTORIES.—When one looks at old persons out of whose life all eagerness has gone, one sometimes wonders what was the romance of their life; for, fossilise! as they appear to be, there must have been a time, when the heart leaped at the sound of a sweet voice, or at the sight of a sweet face.

In some chamber of their memory, locked, curtained, and cobwebbed, it may be, are speaking, dust-covered relics of happiness, just such as the youth of to day so eagerly seek.

What a scene would reveal itself, could we throw open the door and windows, and let in the searching sunlight! How interesting to us, in that light, would be the bent form, the faded eyes, the whitening hair, the wrinkled face, the faltering speech! But their owners totter past us, with their story all untold, to the grave where so many secrets lie buried.

None may know, perhaps not even their own kindred, what lies entombed under the ashes of the past. True it is, that what is written is naught to be unwritten.

Often to the Searcher of all hearts alone, are these life-tragedies known. Crusted over with the lava of years, no sign of warmth or brightness appears; but sometimes, as the lamp of life is going out, it flashes before us some astounding truth, before which our stupidity and indifference stand aghast; and, awestruck, we go our way with a deeper sense of the sacredness of human life.

PAIN.—Pain is never a good,—cannot be a good in any absolute sense of the word. It is emphatically an evil thing, though it may be our duty to bear it, and the thought of having saved others from its endurance is of course a grand and noble satisfaction.

If it were a good thing in itself, we should wish others to suffer it; but the satisfaction lies not at all in the pain, but in the thought of having averted it from those we love.

It is one of the greatest proofs of an overruling Beneficence that love can thus snatch a joy out of the fires of agony; but we equivocate with ourselves and others if we attempt to conceal the fact that every form of pain, bodily or mental, is evidence of an imperfect state, which we have a right to deplore, and must needs wonder at.

No explanation of this portentous mystery seems possible in our present life. We must wait patiently, and see what death has got to teach us; relying meanwhile on the goodness and power of the Divine Author.

THE TURKEY CALLER AND HIS PREY.—The following anecdote will show with what per[illegible] turkey caller follows his prey. [illegible] illustrate the queer humor of the hunters. Only [illegible] the art has [illegible] SUCCESS.

It is reported of an old hunter that he once chased a turkey regularly for three years, only catching sight of the bird twice, although he used the "call," with which they imitate the cry of the female, and so allure the cock within range of the rifle. But we will let him relate his adventures himself:

"But I always hunted that ar' gobbler in the same range, till I know'd his track and his 'yelp' as well as I do my old dog's. But the critter were so knowin, that when I called it would run from me, taking the opposite direction to my foot marks. The old scaly varmint kept pretty much about the ridge, at the end of which, where it lost itself in the swamp, was a hollow cypress-tree.

"Now, I were determined to have that gobbler, boys; so what do I do but put on my shoes heels foremost, walk down the hill very quietly, and get into the hollow tree. Well, then I gave a call; and, boys, it would have done your hearts good to see that turkey come trotting down the ridge towards me, looking at my tracks, and thinking I had gone the other way!"

LEAVEN AND YEAST.—The ancients attributed the discovery of leaven to the Egyptians, and it was from them that the Hebrews learned it. We learn from the dream of Pharaoh's chief baker, interpreted by Joseph, that baking had become a distinct pursuit. This was nineteen centuries before the Christian era; and about four centuries later, when the Israelites left Egypt, leavened bread was their chief article of diet, as it was also in general use throughout the East.

The first bakers of Rome were slaves captured during the expedition against Philip, 171 B. C. The substitution of beer yeast for leaven appears to have been adopted by the ancient Gauls; but the custom fell into disuse, and was completely forgotten until towards the middle of the seventeenth century, when it was rediscovered in London, and, in spite of the opposition of the medical professors, universally adopted.

For a long time every family made its own bread, and there were no bakers except in the cities. Bread-eaters are still a minority in the world. The number of civilized persons who habitually consume wheaten bread is not estimated at more than five hundred millions. Even in Europe a great part of the populace is reduced to the use of inferior bread made of coarse cereals and pulses.

A GREAT proportion of the wretchedness which so often embitters married life, I am persuaded, has originated in negligence of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a plant which will not bear the touch of unkindness; a delicate flower, which indifference will chill and suspicion blast.

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe.
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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A COMPOSITE SWEETHEART.

Is it you for sure, dear?
I can scarcely tell
When you smile, your eyes, dear,
Make me think of Nell;

When you're sad, your mouth, dear,
Makes me think of Sue;
But, dear, when I kiss you
I'm sure it's you.

A singular thing—A bachelor.

Men of the time—Watchmakers.

"'Can do' is easily carried about with you."

Neptune's coat of arms—The crest of a wave.

Famous watering-places — Horse-troughs.

A relic of by-gone days—Last year's calendar.

The stamp of civilization—The postage stamp.

A rake's progress—Through a quantity of weeds.

Is a soldier supposed to be raw until he has been exposed to fire?

One way to elevate the stage is to have the critics give it a blowing up.

"Hi, Jimmy, wot's de matter?" "Back's blistered." "Swimmin' or lickin'?" "Both."

De Tanque: "What makes your voice so husky?" Old Soak: "Been drinking corn whisky."

Mrs. Peastraw: "How on earth did you get yourself so dirty?" Johnny: "I was swimmin'."

"Do you think he is after my money?" "Shouldn't wonder. He told me he was figuring on marrying you."

"If I was in your place," remarked Mr. Jimkins to a tramp, "I would borrow some soap and get off the earth."

"Does the cellar leak?" "No; it's had two feet of water in it ever since I've been in the house. Not a drop has got out."

Fond parent: "Bobby, did you pick all the white meat off this chicken?" Bobby: "Well, pop, to make a clean breast of it, I did."

"Paw," asked Johnny, "what grows in a beer garden?" "The head, my son," groaned Mr. Jagway, applying some more poultice.

"Prisoner, you say the plaintiff struck you first." Prisoner: "Yes." "What did he strike you for?" "Five dollars, and he already owed me $90."

Blobbs: "I dreamed last night that I was dead and was sent to the infernal regions." Slobbs: "That's nothing. I dreamed the hot wave had come back."

Editor: "Yes, we need a man. Do you know how to run a newspaper?" Applicant: "No, sir; but I'm willing to learn. I've been in the business over ten years."

Tourist: "Everybody Irish here?" Native: "Yes; we used to have one Chinaman." Tourist: "What became of him?" Native: "He moved to make it unanimous."

The candy butcher: "The glass eater's got cholera morbus." The Zulu Chieftain: "Serves him right. He ought to know enough to let green bottles alone this time of year."

Teacher: "What is an Indian massacre?" Bobby Bright: "It's when the Indians surprise the whites and kill them." "And when the whites surprise the Indians and kill them——" "That's a battle."

Fashionable doctor: My dear young lady, you are drinking unfiltered water, which swarms with animal organisms. You should have it boiled—that will kill them.

His patient: Well, doctor, I think I'd sooner be an aquarium than a cemetery.

Uncle: Well, Bobby, what did you learn at school to-day?

Bobby: I learned that the world is round, and turns on hinges, like that globe in the library.

Uncle: Well, what do you think of that?

Bobby: I think, uncle, they are asking me to believe a good deal for a small boy.

"I'm gettin' a bit oneasy about our preacher," said Deacon Ironside.

"What has he been doing now?" inquired the neighbor who had dropped into the good brother's shop for a talk.

"He preached a sermon last Sunday," replied the Deacon, shaking his head, "from the text: 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' I'm afraid he's gettin' to be unsound on the temperance question."

A police magistrate is questioning a tramp whose bearing indicates that he has seen better days.

"You look as if you had been a gentleman," he remarks.

"Yes," says the prisoner, with a sigh, "once I was worth several millions."

"Gambled, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Squandered it in riotous living, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Then to what vice were you addicted?"

"Friendship, sir."

STEADY PURPOSES.—Often as we laugh over the quaint epitaph found on an old gravestone, "I was well, I wanted to be better, I took medicine, and I am here," we overlook its general applicability to the affairs of life.

As with health, so with business; nine persons out of ten ignore the golden secret of content; they are constantly striving after something different from that they enjoy.

We do not deprecate enterprise, but it is the habit of change that we protest against—the habit of shifting from one pursuit to another.

There are thousands of almost penniless and disappointed old men, picking up a precarious living at the extremity of life, because they have, in the course of their existence, tried a hundred different things and abandoned all in turn simply because success was not instantaneous; to few men is it given to do more than one or two things well.

The Will Honeycombs, and Master Simons and Admirable Crichtons are apt to be sad charlatans, deceiving themselves as well as others. There is scarcely any pursuit that, if followed out with singleness of purpose, will not yield a rich return.

LESSON IN ETIQUETTE.—Harry sat at his father's side at a friend's table. Somebody passed him the bread. Harry touched a piece that was dry. So he dropped it, and took another piece.

"My son," said the father, reprovingly, "never touch a piece of bread or cake that you don't mean to take."

Harry ate his bread and remembered. After a while the cake was passed round, and, when it came to Harry, the little fingers made a quick movement, and hauled off three large slices.

"Why, Harry!" cried his father.

"Well, papa," said the boy, bravely, "you told me to take all the pieces I touched, and I touched all these."

"No, no, my son; I said touch only what you mean to take."

"And that's just what I did, papa. I meant to take every one, and I tried for that other big slice with the pile of sugar on it, but I didn't quite get it."

His next lesson in etiquette was given at home.

TOO MUCH FOR POOR HUMAN NATURE.—The Moravians, it is stated, send wives out to their missionaries, who are not allowed to choose for themselves, for the very proper reason that men who do this frequently fall in love with their wives, and love interferes with the true missionary spirit. A third wife was once sent to a twice-afflicted widower. He boarded the ship when she arrived.

The bride came upon deck to meet her bridegroom. She advanced with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks. It was an anxious moment. The officers of the ship stood by.

The sympathizing passengers expected a meeting of real pathos and edification. The bride raised her head and stood before her chosen. Alas, all he said, as he smote his brow, was, "Ach, Himmel, red hair again!"

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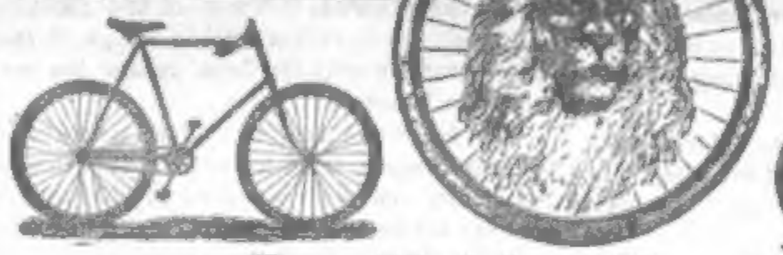

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.28, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 8.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 6.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 8.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—8.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.20, 6.33, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 6.23, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m 6.00, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 6.23, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

For Lancaster—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, Sunday, 4.00 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00, a m, 2.30, 5.30, p m. Accommodation, 6.50, 8.15 a m, 4.42 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 7.30, p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, express, 9.15 a m.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 25 S. Tenth street, 209 S. Third street, 3925 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

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Even the little pig in the picture is a more agreeable companion than a man with a dirty collar or a woman who presides over a tawdry house. But nobody wants the reputation of being a pig under any circumstances.